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NEW STATESMAN

Windbags II

'STAMP OUT THAT SCROUNGER'

Why Britain needs overseas students
Kennedy: he can run, but can he think?
Trade unions in court

Alex Callinicos: Trotsky today/John Bowen: playwrights' charter
R.W. Johnson: South African marxists
Piers Paul Read: James Baldwin

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NEW STATESMAN

Volume 98 16 November 1979 No 2539

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The City's in charge

ON MONDAY, as the British economy stumbled into the first major financial crisis of the Tory administration, Margaret Thatcher at the Lord Mayor's banquet, Sir Geoffrey Howe at a conference of businessmen and Sir Keith Joseph in the House of Commons all, in their different ways, told their audiences that this was the price we must inevitably pay for facing economic common-sense. Mrs Thatcher and Sir Keith displayed a certain tetchy irritation that not everyone agreed with their view of the way things work, which is that the only way to control inflation is strictly to control the money supply as measured by the amount of notes and coins in circulation and bank deposits (M3). Most newspapers and, especially, radio and television commentators act as though this proposition could be uttered with the same certainty as the law of gravity. It cannot.

There is no shortage of evidence – some of which we printed last week – and some of which can be found in a recent article in the National Institute of Economic and Social Research review* which suggests that the Tories are trying to control something which they cannot measure, and which, if they could, would not be what they wanted, and if it was, probably could not be controlled, and even if it could, would not control inflation.

Already there are signs of wilting enthusiasm for monetarism among some of the government's traditional supporters. Many businessmen – keen enough on bashing the unions, cutting taxes and dismantling parts of the state – have for long looked upon monetarism as a sort of mumbo-jumbo far removed from the problems of running, for instance, an engineering factory in the north-east. And in the City there are a growing number of people who think that the government have taken monetarism too much to heart, by not realising that Britain's system of monetary control and measurement is extremely crude and in need of overhaul: at the moment the Bank of England and the Treasury are involved in an exercise to see how it could be reformed.

But, for the moment, the more boneheaded monetarists in the City are in charge. The trouble started a week ago on Tuesday when the government announced figures which showed that bank lending in October was much higher than forecast and suggested that the money supply was growing at a rate of around 14 per cent, compared with a target of 7-11 per cent. In response to the strong demand for credit, interest rates in the money markets had been rising steadily for several weeks.

At first the government – in the form of the Treasury – tried to say nothing was amiss: the figures were just an aberration caused by a combination of unfortunate circumstances. And, indeed, it does not seem unreasonable to think that the course of the economy does not depend on this one rather inadequate statistic. However, the claustrophobic atmosphere of the City is not conducive to such reflection. First, they said, it looks as though money supply is out of control, so inflation is going to rise. Second, the government is clearly going to find it difficult to finance its borrowing by selling gilts, especially as its borrowing seems to be very high so far this year. So, the City reasoned, interest rates must rise and gilt prices must fall. And they did.

This brought the government to its senses and Mrs Thatcher stood up in Guildhall on Monday and told the City it would get what it wanted. She had little choice: as the Labour government discovered you have to give the City what it wants if you want to borrow money from it. There is little doubt that the amount of credit in the economy is rising faster than expected – one of the inadequacies of the money supply figures is that they disguise this because companies and banks have found ways round the controls on lending – but no-one really understands why this is so. In a sensibly managed economy attempts would be made to understand this before embarking on a credit squeeze of almost unparalleled ferocity at a time when companies face a decline in profitability. No doubt inflation can be eliminated at some level of monetary growth in the same way that a fever can be eliminated by bleeding – even if it is by bleeding to death. A first step in avoiding this unpleasant end to the British economy would be a challenge to the power of the City, which is not, so far as it is known, elected by secret ballot. Or, indeed, by any ballot at all.

**Monetary targets and the control of the money supply* D. Savage, August, 1979.

NOTES

FO reinforces TUC links

Don Thomson writes: Another member of the TUC international staff, Tom Jenkins, has been seconded to the Foreign Office. The transfer took place some months ago. He replaced inside the Foreign Office another member of the TUC international staff Michael Walsh who had completed a two-year stint in Whitehall. TUC anxiety to keep these transfers secret is now all too evident particularly since the Foreign Office is now under Tory control. When Walsh was transferred the 1977 international report to TUC conference merely said he had been seconded, but didn't say to where. Jenkins's transfer was not mentioned at all in this year's report to conference. The Foreign Office are also planning to put one of their men into the TUC International Department soon.

What is remarkable about these latest cases is that they come at a time when the TUC's international work is coming under increasing attack, in large measure because of its Foreign Office connections. The TUC must have known that if they had reported Jenkins's secondment to this year's conference it would undoubtedly have added to the fuss. There is, in fact, some reason to think that the TUC international committee didn't know about Walsh's transfer until after the event. This doesn't seem to be the case, however, with Jenkins. A member of the international committee said it had been discussed by them and he defended it on the grounds that the staff had to get 'experience of international diplomacy'. TUC irritation about the discovery of Jenkins's transfer is accompanied by denials that the Foreign Office in any way controls or influences their international programme. Sadly for them numerous overseas unionists remain unconvinced. Statements collected from Third World and European unionists indicate a widespread belief that the TUC's international work

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NOTES

serves the Foreign Office and that as a result many African trade union centres, notably Nigeria, will not affiliate to the western-backed International Confederation of Trade Unions. In the recent past members of the international committee have responded to outside criticisms by merely saying that their overseas work suffers from 'a public relations problem'.

CP stays in ghetto

Patrick Wintour writes: Of one thing the Labour Party need have no fear in their debate about internal party democracy: they won't be losing members attracted to a new libertarian structure in the Communist Party. At its 36th Congress held this week the Communist Party has rejected any radical departure from the traditions of democratic centralism and particularly rejected the more liberal proposals contained in an alternative report on inner party democracy that had the support of national organiser Dave Cook. Instead the official report as amended by the executive – in combination a highly repressive mixture – has been accepted. With membership down to 20,500 from a figure over 25,000 two years ago, active membership nearer 6,000 and with the party in 1977 having voted to accept a pluralist society in their Eurocommunist programme The *British Road to Socialism*, one might have expected a surge for change. But the party, in their first debate on inner democracy since 1957, has voted firmly against internal pluralism and in the process may have hurt its relationship with its supporters in the women's movement and among community activists, both associated with greater internal democracy and the 'broad democratic cause. The diehard industrial organisers, such as Mick Costello and Bert Ramelson, have won the argument in favour of 'strong leadership'.

At the heart of the debate is the relationship of the executive to the rest of the party. At present unbridled control rests with the executive and even more with the inner Political Committee. The main report, until amended or wrecked by the executive, would have given a greater role to the branches, for example, by giving them greater information on executive debates, allowing greater time to submit resolutions for Congress and some measure of control over Congress agenda which currently is a plaything of the executive. The executive's amendments, in the words of one senior party member, 'leave Congress procedure effectively as it is now with the agenda and the content being determined by itself; it replaces leadership with paternalism'. Even the main report, however, rejected discussion between branches and campaigning before Congress as factionalism: such debate would destroy the party. The report also decided that the notorious recommended list for the executive should remain. Introduced by the Stalinists in 1929, the recommended list was ostensibly designed to ensure a fair mix between different strata in the party and thus ensure unity. In reality it created a self-perpetuating oligarchy with the retiring executive dictating to Congress who should be on the new one.

Climate and inquests

Duncan Campbell writes: The booming industry in identifying 'fourth men' who spied alongside defectors Burgess, Maclean and Philby has reached new heights of absurdity with the account of *The Climate of Treachery* by Andrew Boyle, published last week. Boyle's fourth man who, one is told, was a traitor inside MI5, goes by the name of 'Maurice'. As readers of our diary last week know, 'Maurice' is Sir Anthony Blunt, art historian, and former Keeper of the Queen's Pictures. A great deal of froth has been worked up about this further 'treachery' inside the British Establishment. He is the fourth 'fourth man' to be named in the last two years; the two previous allegations against named individuals were withdrawn.

A careful reading of the Boyle book would show that such sweeping statements can only be made because of the cowardly and dishonest way in which Boyle presents his evidence. When the twin strands of the 'Maurice'/Blunt *persona* are put together, it turns out that he first 'eased the recruitment' of Burgess, which means nothing; second, was once alleged by Burgess to Goronwy Rees to be a fellow Comintern agent, an allegation that even Boyle realises is wholly worthless; and finally was asked by Burgess to find out what he could about the impending questioning of Donald Maclean, and did so, causing the pair to skip. This came at a time when Blunt had been six years out of MI5. No evidence or sources are quoted for the claim that it was a return phone call from Blunt that caused Burgess to leave, a point of the utmost historical sensitivity.

Boyle does not in fact suggest, except by wild innuendo, that 'Maurice'/Blunt actually did any spying from inside MI5, or anywhere else for that matter. But by conveniently splitting the factual side of Burgess's genuine relationship with Blunt and the unidentified ('for legal reasons') Maurice's treachery, Boyle is able to dress up the affair with such razzamatazz as Blunt supposedly receiving 'the equivalent of a Royal Pardon' for his 'spying', in 1957. He didn't need such a thing as, evidently, he is quite innocent.

Boyle's revelation of 'fourth' and 'fifth' men has been serialised in the *Observer,* which is rather

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strange since the paper almost had the villain in July 1977. Then, 'intelligence sources' had told the paper that the traitor was a senior official of MI5 in the 1960s, who had conveniently been pardoned after confessing. Once again, the *Observer* fearlessly didn't quite name the individual concerned. Their current fourth man favourite had of course left MI5 in 1945, a strange contrast.

Baby's bottom

Malcolm Wicks writes: What does it cost to provide for a child in Britain today? One answer to this question is given in the supplementary benefit system where it is reckoned that, during the coming twelve months, £5.20 a week for a child under 5, rising to £9.35 for a 13-15 year old is a reasonable, minimum level. There is no modern scientific basis for figures such as these. They are updated at regular intervals and can be traced back to national assistance and Beveridge, who relied on the work of Rowntree and his 1899 study of poverty in York. Rowntree had costed minimum food and other requirements for different types of families.

David Piachaud in a study for the Child Poverty Action Group follows in this tradition and he sets out 'a modern minimum set of requirements' for children of different ages. The minimum is intended to 'reflect prevailing social attitudes and standards but ultimately it rests on the author's judgement. The minimum is not merely that necessary to maintain life'. For example, an allowance is made for one week's low cost holiday per annum. The standard therefore recognises some modern requirements, but it *is* a low standard. For a 5-year-old, for instance, the weekly sum includes only £4.48 for food; £1.67 for clothing and footwear; 6p for toys and presents; and 10p for pocket money. No allowance is made for snacks between meals.

The 'modern minimum' which results from these calculations comes out way above the current supplementary benefit levels and Piachaud concluded that 'rates for children need to be increased by about one-half if they are to provide genuinely for even the minimum requirements of a child'.

Back to the death strip?

Werner Kastor writes: The East German authorities are trying to stop a growing number of young people in the GDR from taking a somewhat difficult but safe way to West Germany. The practice of selling so called political prisoners has been stopped. The last consignment of prisoners in exchange for whom Bonn paid hard cash reached West Germany on 9 October this year. Most of these political prisoners were young East Germans who preferred to be caught while preparing to flee the country and to go to prison rather than be shot. They knew that they would not have to serve their full prison sentence, as Bonn would relieve the GDR of such 'awkward citizens' by paying for them.

This practice began in 1963 at the suggestion of the East Germans. It has enabled more than 16,000 East Germans to move across the border without crossing the death strip, costing Bonn roughly one billion Deutschmark. However, western publicity, particularly television reports which can be seen by the East German population, have made the East German authorities angry. Coverage concentrates mainly on the fact that the GDR gets hard currency for these would-be-refugees. Comparisons with the Nazi practice of 'selling' Jews and commenting on 'the trade in human beings' have sensitized the GDR authorities. Even more important is the feedback to East Germany itself: the East German authorities would be far happier if people wanted to stay in East Germany instead of accepting western currency for letting them go, expecially as the GDR has paid for their education and training.

Since the Basic Treaty of 1972, normalising relations between Bonn and East Berlin, thousands of East Germans have been allowed out to be reunited with their families or for other humanitarian reasons. Bonn does not pay for such people, which include Rudolf Bahro and Nico Hubner, two of East Germany's most prominent political prisoners, released recently without any cash changing hands. So the idea that they only let people go for money particularly annoys the GDR authorities especially as more than 100,000 East Germans want to leave the country.

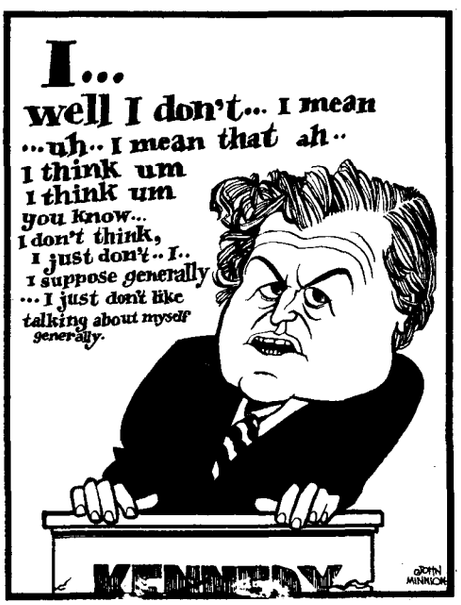
AMERICA
Claudia Wright

Teddy Kennedy has hit trouble on the launch pad

The last of the Kennedys?

CAN A CANDIDATE who in public is easily tongue-tied, has a poor memory for facts and figures, and whose syntax fractures under the strain of extemporaneously stating his policies, win the Presidency from an incumbent whose memory is considerable, but whose vocabulary is frequently misapplied and whose syntax is similarly subject to fits and seizures? This is how Senator Kennedy formally started his campaign on 7 November: 'We have no clear summons from the center of power', he read from a text carefully prepared by the former President Kennedy's writer, Richard Goodwin, 'aims are not set. The means of realizing them are neglected. Conflicts in direction confuse our purpose.'

The general editorial reaction has been to describe the Senator's remarks as still too elliptical to identify his purpose. But given a remarkable opportunity on national television three days before, the Senator's words were not elliptic so much as inarticulate. Asked whether he thought anyone would fully believe his explanation of the fatal accident ten years ago, these were his exact words: 'Oh there's the problem is . . From that night . . I . . I found the conduct, the behaviour, almost beyond belief myself. I mean that's why it's been . . but I think that's that's that's the way it was, that . . that happens to be the way it was.' For a response to reports linking him to other women, this is what tumbled out: 'I'm . . I'm married: I care very deeply about my wife, and my children, and we've, we have a rather special set of circumstances which is . . perhaps somewhat unique, but we're . . I think we're making very substantial progress. Joan's . . would help and assist and . . it's been – I think . . an enormous . . both love for her and . . and for my . . my family.'



While the polls indicate that a very substantial proportion of the public are unlikely to regard Mr Kennedy's extra-marital dalliances, or the Chappaquiddick affair, as serious liabilities in voting for him, at least a third of the electorate is undecided on a presidential candidate, and will presumably want to learn what the Senator is running or standing for. His televison appearance was therefore enlightening in a sense that the candidate cannot have intended. Asked to be precise why he wanted to be President, he replied: 'The reasons that I would run is because I have a great belief in this country, that it is there's more natural resources than any nation of the world, there's the greatest educated population in the world, the greatest technology of any country in the world, the greatest political system in the world.' On the difference between himself and President Carter, the verbatim transcript records the following: 'Well, it's um . . you know you have to grips with the different issues that ah . . that ah we're facing . . I mean we can we have to deal with each of the various questions that we're talking about whether it's a question of the economy, whether it's in the area of energy.'

Senator Kennedy's inability to speak extemporaneously is well known in Washington, although not elsewhere. There are many people here, who, having worked for or with the Senator on one issue or another over the years, testify that this difficulty has a straightforward explanation: the Senator is not a particularly intelligent man. This may well be a campaign when the candidates are mentally not even up to the demands of Newspeak. But the highly ambiguous and contradictory pressures of waging two, perhaps even three quite different campaigns – the primary campaign, and if that fails to produce a majority of delegates, a campaign on the convention floor, and only after that, the general election campaign – may make the strictures of verbal sense a liability which an intelligent candidate would try to evade, and an unintelligent one turn into an electoral asset.

With his commanding lead in the polls Mr Kennedy would have preferred to have stayed out of the formal race for much longer. The immediate effect of his declaration, paradoxically, has been to cut his lead, removing those whose support was largely a protest against

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the President's policies. But unless he declared, Kennedy would not have left himself enough time for an effective campaign. The fact is that the procedures for the Democratic nomination create a long, tortuous and extremely unpredictable sequence of electoral contests, which may not produce a decisive majority of delegate votes for either candidate until the convention itself in July. On the other hand, by as early as 1 April – only four and half months away – they may have demonstrated that one of the candidates cannot win such a majority, or could not win the general election. By declaring himself now, Kennedy aims to recover some of the ground he appears to have already lost in Florida, and pick up new strength in Iowa, Minnesota, Connecticut, and Illinois. By the end of March, it is possible that Kennedy may look unable to defeat Carter in a southern or midwestern state, or hold him in swing states like Illinois and Connecticut, where the Democratic nominee will face a very difficult battle with the Republican candidate next November. Alternatively, if the President loses the Florida and Illinois primaries (279 convention votes out of a 3,331 total), it may show that Carter both cannot make inroads into states which voted Republican in 1976, and hang on to his 1976 sweep of the south.

Bear in mind that what Kennedy described as 'the greatest political system in the world' is driven by an extremely low turnout of voters. Only 54 per cent actually voted in the 1976 presidential election while the primaries attract on average less than 30 per cent. The technique of winning primaries is based on sophisticated mailing and telephone operations, directed by computer analysis of the electrical propensities of differently numbered postal districts and telephone exchanges. The aim is to encourage those likely to favour your candidate to go to the poll, while doing as little as possible to stir the opposition. Television is the gloss, and the newspapers more or less irrelevant (unless they convince television producers to pass on the message that one candidate is vulnerable, corrupt, or a certain loser). Edward Kennedy's apparent charisma may be valuable in the general election, but during the primaries it may work against him, attracting a much larger turnout of Carter supporters and Kennedy enemies than would otherwise bother to vote.

It is said that an obscure Russian mathematician recently devised the solution to a problem of sequencing which has hitherto stumped all of the world's mathematicians. The technical problems of estimating what combination of deliberate policy statement, eloquent ambiguity, and profound silence is necessary for victory at each stop on a sequence of several dozen preliminary caucuses, conventions and primaries are of the same order of difficulty. It may be difficult to tell the difference, then, between a candidate who is merely stupefied, and one who is stupid.

Will Kennedy's bumble tongue matter more than Carter's? There is plenty of time to tell, but perhaps the American people will identify with a candidate who, emerging from behind a staff of 100, an inheritance of many millions, and 17 years' experience at the pinnacle of power, struggles to talk about himself on television in this fashion: 'Well, I don't . . I mean, I think it's really left to others . . I don't . . I suppose I just don't like to talk about myself generally.'

HOUSING
Andrew Arden

Scarcely anyone has noticed a new move to let landlords evict in 7 days

Harsh eviction law smuggled in

WITH THE GOVERNMENT'S Housing Bill due for publication within a few weeks, the air is thick with Department of the Environment Consultation Papers. A good time to float a wholly unrelated new idea, in the hope that it might go unnoticed. And that is just what the Department has done. In a Consultation Paper on changes in eviction procedures, they are proposing to enable landlords to evict a substantial number of wholly lawful occupiers, including some Rent Act protected tenants, with the same sort of speed as they can presently evict illegal squatters. The proposals are put forward as amendments to procedural rules to be contained not in an Act of Parliament, but in a statutory instrument – and thereby the risk of parliamentary scrutiny or any public outcry is minimised.

There are several classes of occupier against whom landlords may obtain possession orders: owner occupiers in default with mortgage payments may find themselves evicted, so may leaseholders who fall into arrears. As for tenants, some are protected from eviction by the Rent Act and some (for example those with resident landlords) enjoy partial security of tenure but do not qualify as protected tenants under the Rent Act. Others have no protection, such as those with holiday tenancies, or who are provided with meals. Against all of these people, a possession order can only be made through 'normal' procedures, which can take anything from several weeks to several months to be heard, and cannot be heard in less than three weeks from the date on which proceedings are issued and served.

On the other hand, illegal occupiers and occupiers whose right of occupation does not amount to a tenancy, who are known as 'licensees' (for example those occupying short-life property pending demolition, or those whose home and job are closely tied), may be evicted by a special speedy procedure, originally introduced to deal with squatters. The same is true of people who have been compelled to sign an evasive agreement like the 'non-exclusive occupation agreements' which, since they were validated by the Court of Appeal, have proliferated throughout the country. Once any contractual right of occupation has been brought to an end a possession order can be obtained no more than five days after proceedings are issued and served, giving the occupier next to no time to prepare a defence.

The Housing Bill plans to give council tenants the same rights of tenure as private tenants with full Rent Act protection. In both cases, however, there are still a number of grounds on which a landlord can obtain an order for possession. Some of these grounds lead automatically to an order for possession – for example, where the landlord wants to live in the rented premises, or has bought the premises as a retirement home and now wishes to use them as such, or where there is an out-of-season holiday letting. In other cases, for example, where there are rent arrears, or when allegations of misbehaviour are made, the court has discretion to decide whether it is reasonable to make an order for possession.

The present proposals are to make the special squatters' procedure applicable to *all* those against whom an order for possession might be made, of whatever class, *except* owner-occupiers in default with their mortgages; leaseholders who are made to forfeit for breach of a term of the lease; and those against whom the court has discretion to grant an order for possession. The main difference from the squatters procedure is that seven, rather than five, days must elapse between service of summons and hearing date. So, tenants with resident landlords, those who have been coerced into signing phoney holiday agreements, protected tenants against whom one of the mandatory grounds is alleged, those who are said to be outside protection altogether, those who are allegedly provided with certain services, such as cleaning, join those in the 'licensee' class and illegal squatters. All will have between one and two weeks in which to respond to a summons to court, to seek legal advice, obtain legal aid, for their lawyers to file the necessary documentation by way of reply, possibly to arrange for witnesses, and, finally, to turn up to court.

Lawyers will be increasingly reluctant to take on this sort of work, with all the disruption that the hearing of a new case within a few days inevitably brings. Witnesses may be away on holiday. Some people may return from their own holidays to find a final order for possession on their door-mats, which will mean that within an even shorter time-span they will – if they appreciate that they can do so – have to find legal help to get the order set aside. In court, there will be an abundance of applications for adjournment, with the prospect of losing witnesses who get fed up arriving at court for abortive hearings, and the growing tension of the occupier whose home is under threat.

Many people are not aware at first that they can resist an order for possession, although they may be able to do so under the Rent Act, or by getting a sham agreement set aside by the court. *Given time,* they may find out that it is worthwhile doing something about a summons, but even then they may have trouble, in a short space of time, finding a lawyer familiar with this field and willing to undertake legal aid work.

As the law stands now, it is usually a worthwhile gamble for a landlord who wants vacant possession to issue proceedings against even the most well-behaved, fully-protected tenant, in the hope that failure to defend, some other technical default, the mere pressure of proceedings, or the conduct of the case in court will result in either a favourable settlement or an outright order. If the government's present proposals are adopted, the odds will be so heavily in the landlord's favour that a speculative action of this sort will almost invariably succeed.

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EDUCATION
Philip Schlesinger

The Tories are driving out overseas students — and their money

No foreigners, please

THE GOVERNMENT'S plan to charge full-cost fees for overseas students in universities, polytechnics and other colleges has caused considerable anger and dismay in the world of further and higher education: Britain is to have the highest fees in the industrialised world. The Tories bolster their policy by asserting that the British taxpayer is subsidising overseas students to the tune of £120 million; but this argument has weak foundations. In a paper largely ignored by the media, the London Conference on Overseas Students (LCOS), in association with the United Kingdom Council on Overseas Student Affairs (UKCOSA) and the National Union of Students (NUS), has shown that overseas students are actually subsidising the British economy rather then being subsidised themselves. The LCOS document, which meets the Tories squarely on their chosen ground, argues that the £120 millions 'subsidy' figure was arrived at by subtracting overseas students' fee revenues (£30 millions) from the DES's estimate of the total gross cost of overseas students in 1976/77 (£153 millions). The Government figure assumes that each student's fee should be calculated on an *average* cost basis. However, this is inconsistent with the DES's own argument that the educational system was principally created for home students. Hence it is more relevant to work in terms of the *marginal* costs of overseas students to a system which would be here whether they came or not. When marginal costs are substituted for average costs, the Government's figure falls by £51 millions to £102 millions. The official figures also take no account of the research contribution made by some 7,500 postgraduate overseas students, which, conservatively estimated, saves £20 millions annually in research assistants' salaries. This now brings the net cost down to £82 millions.

The report also cites instances of orders for British goods (from ships to knitting machines) by overseas students. Additionally, in rapidly-developing fields such as microelectronics, computing and petroleum engineering, students go home with a bias towards British methods and equipment. Add to these British textbooks and materials ordered by teachers trained here and the net cost of overseas students falls by a further £35 millions, leaving £47 millions.

A net gain to the UK economy which is generally ignored is the amount overseas students spend here over and above their tuition fees. The LCOS paper calculates this figure as £166 millions, assuming a very low £2,000 per student for the 83,000 over here. If the net gain from such expenditure is 30 per cent, then a further £50 millions is lopped off the net costs, leaving the UK £3 millions in credit. Add the £29 millions collected in fees during 1976/77, and it is clear that the British economy received a net subsidy of £32 millions.

Since 1976/77, overseas students' contributions to the UK economy will, if anything, have increased, due to doubled tuition fees. This September, overseas students' fees rose by 30 per cent, to £940 for undergraduates and £520 for non-advanced students, and will rise by a further £6 millions. The Tories' 'full-cost' fees represent a further enormous rise. Next year, arts courses in the universities will cost £2,000 a year, science courses £3,000, and clinical courses in medicine, dentistry and veterinary science £5,000. Fees in polytechnics and other local authority institutions have been set at £3,300 for advanced, and £1,890 for non-advanced, laboratory and workshop-based courses. They will be £2,400 for advanced and £1,380 for non-advanced classroom-based courses.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS will be slitting one another's throats next year in a rush for the diminished number of foreign students who will actually come. Inevitably, as Sir Alec Merrison, chairman of the Committee of Vice-Chancellors and Principals (CVCP) has noted, British students will be affected by the fall in foreign student numbers, as some courses will no longer be viable. Merrison has also forecast staff redundancies and the closure of some universities. So a Government ostensibly committed to expanding choices in education will diminish them.

How the sums add up

	£
Total Gross Cost of Overseas Students	153 million
Deductions to take account of Benefits	
Long-term marginal costs	51 million
Research input	20 million
Trade benefits	35 million
Foreign Exchange	50 million
Total	156 million
Credit Balance	3 million
Gain from fees	29 million
Net Benefit to the UK	32 million

All figures relate to the year 1976/77.

Discrimination against foreign students is, however, consonant with the present tightening of Britain's draconian immigration rules and general encouragement of official racism. But it is an approach which the Tories inherited from Labour. Under the unenlightened regime of Fred Mulley and Shirley Williams at the DES fees rose rapidly, and, most shamefully, a quota system was introduced. Labour's goal in 1976 was to reduce overseas students from 80,000 to 65,000 as soon as possible.

If proof be needed that discriminatory fees and quotas are racist one need only consider the Labour Government's circumvention of its own Race Relations Act, 1976. In 1977, the DES had to cobble together a circular exempting local authorities and education institutions from prosecution under Section 41(2) of the Act for discriminating over tuition fees, hostel charges, admissions and discretionary awards. With each fee rise since then, a new updated circular has done the rounds conferring immunity.

By getting rid of the quotas next year, and by relying upon discriminatory fees alone, the Tories will still not escape the Race Relations provisions. Announcing the education cuts on 1 November, the Education Secretary, Mark Carlisle, talked of possible special arrangements for the 3,000 students from the EEC. Obviously, the Government wants to avoid embarrassing rows with its Common Market neighbours, such as blew up three years ago when Labour first raised the fees. But the resulting discrimination against non-Europeans is sure to cause difficulties under the Race Relations Act.

The direct financial stranglehold which the Tories are applying to the universities strips away the rather threadbare myth of academic autonomy. Overseas student numbers will be cut by reducing the recurrent grant available to universities through the University Grants Council (UGC). Under Labour, the UGC was unable to achieve wholesale compliance over quotas. The Tories have plainly decided that the big stick of cash limits will beat the universities into submission where directives have failed. Naturally, universities may choose, as before, not to raise the fees. But they may as well decide to close down.

For the past three years, the quota system has prevented universities, polytechnics and colleges from admitting students on purely academic grounds. Able students have been rejected because they are foreign — a deplorable penetration of discriminatory logic into the heart of the academic system. Now that the quota will go, academic merit alone will still not qualify overseas students for places in British educational institutions. Only the wealthy will be able to present themselves next year, and there is evidence already that student numbers from poorer countries such as India, Pakistan and Kenya have been falling off since 1977.

OPPONENTS of the Tories' plans have been quick to point out the danage which will result to Britain's standing. Sir Alec Merrison, the CVCP's chairman, has observed, in a toughly-worded letter to Dr Rhodes Boyson, minister responsible for higher education, that the government will destroy Britain's place in the international community of learning. These are strong words from a weak-kneed body which did little to resist the quota system.

The NUS has also laid great emphasis on the international dimensions. As one spokesman put it:'We don't want to see a monocultural higher education system in Britain.' Last week, the NUS organised a highly successful series of actions which are intended to reach, and engage, the wider public. On 7 November, 500 students from all over Britain lobbied their MPs at the House of Commons, and about 1,000 converged on the DES. By the end of last week some 40 colleges had engaged in 24-hour occupations, and in a similar number a variety of protests took place, including speeches, work-ins, and lecture boycotts. About 50,000 students were involved in all. What is novel about the present campaign is that with a very few exceptions (such as Sheffield University) it has either been supported or, at the very least, not been opposed, by academic administrations. So far, prominent Labour Party and trade union figures have remained silent. But opposition to the fee rises came from Dr Robert Runcie, the next Archbishop of Canterbury, and other speakers at the General Synod of

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the Church of England last week.

Some, however, are not opposing, but rather engaging in pre-emptive toadying. Lord Flowers, Rector of Imperial College, has accepted the need for public expenditure cuts, but differs from the Thatcherites in advocating selectivity rather than wholesale cash limits. He has suggested that some universities and polytechnics should be axed to maintain the excellence of the survivors. In a barely credible gesture of self-sacrifice, he has offered Imperial to the butchers.

In similar vein, nine senior professors at the LSE have argued that, given the cuts, 'funds should still be found to maintain the adequate number of students doing high-level research in a limited number of the best-qualified universities'.

Indeed, Mark Carlisle has indicated that a buying off of the 'centres of excellence' could be in the wind. He has announced the creation of a bursary scheme for postgraduate students of outstanding merit to the value of some £4 millions a year. Naturally, the most prestigious universities will probably get their snouts most deeply into the trough, with the rest very likely getting very little or nothing.

On 2 November, at a conference in London, UKCOSA asked the Government to withdraw its plans and to set up a body which would establish an 'acceptable policy' on overseas students. This suggestion, which revives a proposal made in 1977 for a standing commission with policy-making and advisory powers, has much merit. Such a body could devise a rational and equitable approach on overseas students. Moreover, it is important to separate the overseas students issue from that of cuts in education. While these are confused, only the government can benefit.

Philip Schlesinger is Chairman of the Council for Academic Freedom and Democracy.

IRELAND

Mary Holland
The Carrickmore incident

MR CALLAGHAN FOUND the BBC's behaviour 'reprehensible'. Mrs Thatcher told the House of Commons that the Corporation should 'put its house in order'. The Army in Northern Ireland called the incident an 'appalling affront'.

It was predictable that in the furore over the *Panorama* team's filming of the Provisional IRA takeover of the village of Carrickmore, the rage of the House of Commons should be directed at the BBC. Predictable, but disquieting that nobody seems to have asked the far more important question – how could it have happened that the Provos were able to seal off a village in the heart of Northern Ireland, and that the security forces should not have learnt of the incident until the next day.

That this is the heart of the matter is evidenced by the unusual coyness of the authorities in their reaction to the event. When Roy Mason was in Belfast such an incident would have provoked roars of ministerial outrage within hours, complaints to the press and veiled threats about the licence fee. This time around the events at Carrickmore only became public knowledge when the Belfast correspondent of the Dublin weekly, *Hibernia*, visited the village *three weeks* afterwards. The reluctance of politicians and the security forces to talk about the incident is understandable, for it undermines much of the received wisdom about current security arrangements in Northern Ireland – that army surveillance techniques are more efficient than ever, that the border is of crucial importance to the IRA and that their activities get little support from the local community.

Carrickmore shoots holes through all these comforting beliefs. The village of 400 souls lies in the heart of Co. Tyrone, seventeen miles from the border. There was no question of the 'operation' being mounted from the south, or that increased cross-border security could have prevented it. The nearest British Army base, on the other hand, is eleven miles away at Omagh, and there is a joint Ulster Defence Regiment/Royal Ulster Constabulary barracks six miles away. Carrickmore is the kind of place which, we are told is kept under strict surveillance, precisely because it has a long history of Republican sympathies. Yet the Provos were able to seal off the village for two hours, search cars and houses, display their modern weapons, and then get into their cars and drive away. Last week in Belfast army and police spokesmen confirmed to me that they were informed of the incident the next day.

The Northern Ireland Office, like the security forces, seems to have hoped that the incident would not surface, at least until the programme was shown when it could express suitable anger. Mr Humphrey Atkins is currently engaged on the fairly hopeless task of getting Mrs Thatcher's 'Lusaka in Belfast' political initiative off the ground and one of the major stumbling blocks is Protestant discontent about security. The advent of Sir Maurice Oldfield in the wake of the Mountbatten murders, the public pressures on Jack Lynch and the emphasis on increased surveillance are designed not only to reduce the IRA's capacity for murderous violence, but to convince Protestant politicians that a real thrust is being made on security.

The Army in Northern Ireland does not need stunts like Carrickmore to convince them that the IRA is now a more effective enemy than it has been for several years. The latest statistics on the violence in Northern Ireland published last week make the point lethally clear. The first ten months of this year show an increase in all violent incidents over the same period last year. In particular, deaths of members of the security forces show a dramatic increase – 32 soldiers killed so far this year compared with 14 last year, though the latest total is, of course, weighted by the murder of 18 soldiers at Warrenpoint in August. Although the Army has captured a great many more weapons the Provos appear to have unlimited access to replacements – and the funds to buy them. The police put the figure taken in armed robberies this year at £483,000 compared with £209,000 in 1978. Propaganda events like Carrickmore and, more brutally, incidents like Warrenpoint demonstrate a new capacity to mount operations involving a dozen to twenty men. More important, the Provos seem to have disproved the classic theory of guerrilla warfare that the terrorist needs his community like the fish in the water. Support for the IRA among the Catholic community in Northern Ireland is very low indeed, as the almost complete apathy about IRA prisoners in H Block indicates. What the Provos have learnt to take advantage of is a quiescent ambivalance in the Catholic community which means that almost nobody is actually going to give information to the security forces. That this ambivalence is also widespread in the South was demonstrated by a recent survey of popular attitudes by the Dublin-based Economic and Social Research Institute – and caused a considerable controversy.

In such circumstances the row about *Panorama* should be seen for what it is – an attempt to divert popular attention from the uncomfortable truth about Northern Ireland which the security forces know well and the BBC's report just might have pinpointed – 13,000 soldiers are now engaged in fighting a force in the province which the Army itself estimates as numbering between 300 and 500, and they are not winning the war.

Setback for Lynch

Brian Trench writes from Dublin: Nobody would have dared suggest that Jack Lynch was being cocky leaving for the United States last week just before by-election voting started in his own constituency, Cork City, and in neighbouring Cork North-East. On past voting records the two seats seemed certain to go to his government party, Fianna Fail, even though its share of the vote might drop.

The result, with both seats going to Fine Gael, was as much a surprise to the Opposition as it was a shock to Jack Lynch in Washington. He and other government ministers had made strong personal interventions in the election campaign, evidently realising that it needed an extra effort to get out Fianna Fail supporters. But in Cork City the party's share of first preference votes fell from the 59 per cent of the 1977 General Election to 36 per cent last week. In Cork North-East, the fall was 12 percentage points.

Lynch still has by far the safest majority of any government in the EEC, with 83 Dail seats out of a total of 148, but now he looks personally vulnerable. Following the setback in the European and local elections last June, he faced sharp criticism from some in the parliamentary party. In September, he had to ride out a storm in a Republican tea-cup over remarks made by back-bencher Sile de Valera. At next Wednesday's parliamentary party meeting he will be asked why he revealed details of new border security arrangements with the British government in the United States rather than in Dublin.

Irish parliamentary politics, which for so long have been frozen, are thawing in a very dramatic way, with large swings from one election to another. There is also some evidence of increasing working class consciousness in the voting pattern. Both the Labour Party and Sinn Fein Workers Party doubled their votes last week in the two Cork constituencies. And next month, the workers' tax protest campaign will be relaunched on the streets. After this month's EEC Dublin summit Lynch will get down to tackling domestic problems, starting with the traditional device of a government reshuffle, but he will need to do more.

NEW STATESMAN INDEX

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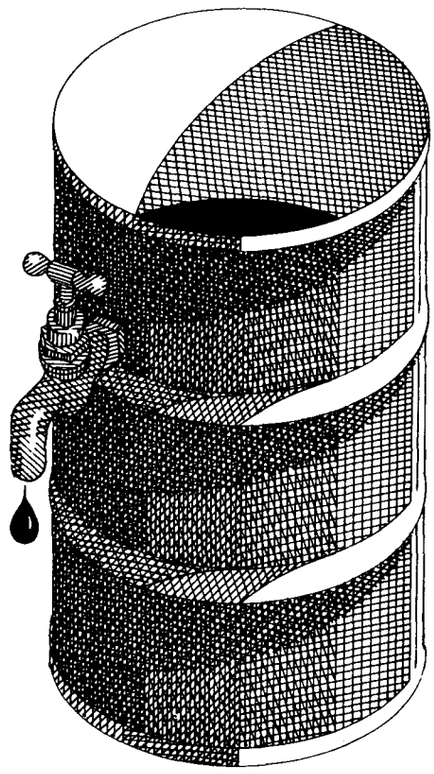

On tap?

Finding new oilfields gets harder all the time. So we ought to be tapping every last drop from the fields we already have.

Unfortunately, we can't. For every drop of oil produced, another one, two or even more have to be left behind, depending on the nature of the field.

In principle, you'd think it would be as easy as turning on a tap. An oil reservoir is a zone of porous rock saturated with oil under pressure. Drill an escape hole, and the oil gushes out; when the pressure falls, pump out the rest.

Simple.

In practice, oilfields are misshapen, fractured or faulted, often hiding their oil in inaccessible pockets. The oil clings to every particle in the rock: imagine trying to tap oil from a barrel of sand.

Even the best-behaved fields give up only about 50 per cent of their oil to present recovery methods; the rest is either too difficult or too costly to extract.

Some give up none at all. About 35 miles west of Shetland there's an oilfield the size of Birmingham, one of the biggest in Western Europe. It hasn't been exploited because the grains of sand in the reservoir are clogged with tiny particles of clay, and the oil itself is too thick and heavy to flow through.

New technology to improve recovery would be as valuable as new oilfields. Even a one per cent improvement could pay staggering dividends.

So what can be done?

At Mobil's Beryl field in the North Sea, we're injecting gas and water into the reservoir to flush out more oil than we'd otherwise retrieve.

Scientists at Mobil's Field Research Laboratory in Texas are pooling their worldwide experience to develop more exotic techniques — like pumping in carbon dioxide, steam or a mixture of water and detergent chemicals. Some of these elaborate methods are still too expensive to be worth using, but we're working to bring down the cost.

Improved techniques will probably never recover *all* the oil we find — at any price. But they do offer a chance to extend the life of existing fields; and perhaps, one day, to put even that Shetland field on tap.

Fourth in a series on energy issues.

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Scroungers: crushing the invisible

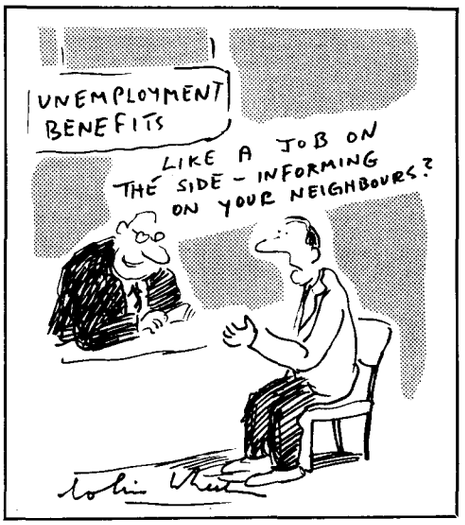
Unemployment and poverty create a particular problem for Tory economics, which relies so heavily on the idea that the Hidden Hand of the market secures the greatest good for the greatest number and that the role of the state should be reduced. For if world recession, the structural problems of capitalism and government policy affect the level of employment, then perhaps it is not fair to penalise those without a job. So it becomes particularly important to try and show that the unemployed are workshy and that they cost so much in public spending (social security spending will rise next year) because there is widespread fraud and scrounging. But, as FRANK FIELD makes clear below, there is no evidence to support these views.

IT STARTED with the budget. Announcing that the richest 7 per cent of taxpayers would receive 34 per cent of the £4.5 billion of tax cuts – leaving the poorest 10 per cent with a miserable 2 per cent – the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Geoffrey Howe, promised 'urgent measures to tighten up on abuse and fraud' in the social security system. Now Social Services Secretary Patrick Jenkin has announced an increase of 600 staff to tackle this abuse and even found money to buy DHSS investigators high-powered binoculars to scour the countryside for the workshy scrounger. But it is very difficult to produce any official figures to support the view that abuse is widespread. The public's anxiety about social security fraud can only be stoked up by official guestimates of the most dubious kind.

For example, Mr Jenkin subtly suggests that most unemployed people could get work if they only tried hard enough. He claims that one unemployment review officer, who conducts interviews with the longterm unemployed, can save the taxpayer between £100,000 and £120,000 a year, compared with his wage of £5,500. Mr Jenkin arrives at such stunning figures by saying that many claimants ceased to draw benefit simply as a result of being called for interview by such an officer. But the only way in which he could arrive at this figure is by assuming that no long-term unemployed person ever gets a job independently of the review officer's work.

Jenkin's campaign also rests on the suggestion that practically all the unemployed have jobs on the side. With the growth of the hidden economy – the chairman of the Inland Revenue recently estimated that £9 billion of income in this sector of the economy went untaxed – it would be surprising if some of the unemployed did not have jobs: their morals are no different from the rest of society's. Furthermore the low level of benefits and the way in which extra income is taxed at 100 per cent acts as a considerable incentive not to declare earnings. An unemployed family man with two young children is entitled to a supplementary benefit payment of £40.10 a week plus the rent. Any income over £2 is deducted at a rate of £ for £ from the weekly benefit.

In his important study on *Worklessness* (Penguin 1975), Denis Marsden talked to claimants who were working on the side. One claimant who was fiddling talked of the need to buy essential clothing for his children when grants for shoes and other items had been refused by the Supplementary Benefits Commission; other men reported that fiddling started only after they had failed to find a job and, as a result of unemployment, faced financial and other worries. More importantly, Marsden found that fiddling was strictly controlled by market forces – a point which ought to commend itself to the present government. Marsden reported that 'fiddling was closely policed informally by local public opinion and by anonymous letters from neighbours (to the authorities) if a fiddler was thought to be getting more than his fair share of additional income'. The greater the proportion of the workless who undertook undeclared part-time jobs, the smaller were the rewards. Although public concern about the unemployed fiddling benefit is greatest when unemployment is highest it is, paradoxically, just at that time



that the informal policing mechanisms work most toughly, because resentment is strongest, to limit undeclared earnings from part-time work.

Workshyness: a myth

LINKED CLOSELY IN the public mind to claimants having a job on the side is the belief that many of the unemployed could find a job if they wanted to. Such a view is not supported by any of the official surveys which have been carried out over the past 25 years or so.

The first detailed study on the attitudes of unemployed claimants was carried out in 1951. After completing their inquiries the National Assistance Board (NAB) reported:

> In all, out of nearly 60,000 recipients who were classified as 'unemployed' at the beginning of December, the Board's offices were not prepared to say that more than 7,000 persons could be working if they really wanted to work.

This may well have been an over-estimate: people may be unwilling to admit to physical and mental handicaps which are not immediately visible, as this could jeopardise their job prospects.

A much more detailed investigation by the NAB on unemployed claimants in 1956 reported similar findings.

> The results disclosed many problems, but do not support any suggestion that workshyness is extensive, since three out of four of those interviewed, and more than four out of five of those who have been out of work for three or more years, were found to be under some sort of physical and/or mental handicap.

Similar studies on the unemployed have been carried out in 1958, 1961 and 1964. All reaffirmed both the smallness of the number of workshy claimants and the considerable extent of handicap among this small group who do not appear over-anxious to work. Of those thought to be workshy – 10 per cent of unemployed claimants – some 70 per cent on further investigation proved to be mentally subnormal or unstable.

The latest survey on the attitudes of unemployed claimants was carried out in 1973 when the social climate was, perhaps, becoming more hostile to the idea of the welfare state than had been the case in the fifties and sixties. And the interviewers were not asked to judge whether a claimant was workshy, but, more broadly, to collect information on the unemployed's attitude to work. On the assessment of the staff of local DHSS offices, a third of unemployed men appeared 'somewhat unenthusiastic' for work, but 'this does not mean that those men would in practice refuse a job if one was offered to them'. As the report noted, they would be in danger of losing benefit if they did.

On closer examination, the vast majority of these men lived in areas where the department thought that job prospects were bleak for all unemployed workers: so it is difficult to judge how far the unemployed's enthusiasm for work had waned after repeated attempts to find employment. Moreover, and importantly, the department reinterviewed the unenthusiastic for work group of claimants six months later. In doing so they found that 35 per cent of those whom officers had thought had poor job prospects because of their attitude to work, had been employed for at least part of the intervening period.

DESPITE THE OFFICIAL SURVEYS' inability to show that workshyness is a problem among anything but a small minority of claimants, a whole battery of 'control procedures' has been erected to deal with voluntary unemployment; that is, to prevent those who have made themselves unemployed from getting benefit to which they are not entitled. Beating these control procedures is not easy and although some people do manage to do so, all the evidence suggests that the money they get away with is trivial compared with

1 Catching the 'scroungers'*

Numbers of unemployed claimants losing right to benefit

Year	Left employment without just cause	Refused suitable employment without good cause
1974	373,000	10,000
1975	388,000	5,000
1976	396,000	3,000
1977	439,000	4,000
1978	449,000	4,000

Source: Answer to Parliamentary questions tabled by myself.

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the total budget.

The controls operate against the two main sources of benefit for unemployed people: first the national insurance unemployment benefit, which is conditional on a claimant being available for work as well as having made the appropriate contribution over the recent past. Second, there is the means-tested supplementary benefit. Because unemployment benefit is so low, almost half of the unemployed now draw supplementary benefit. The following six controls operate automatically against everyone who becomes unemployed:

■ A claimant may be refused benefit at the outset of his claim because the local officer thinks he does not qualify. No figures have been collected on the numbers of claimants who are so penalised, but experience from welfare rights organisations suggests that they are far from negligible. The unemployed report that they are made to feel as though they are scroungers, a feeling reinforced for those claimants who ask for supplementary benefit. Because SB is means-tested, claimants will be asked for details not only about their last wages, but how much money they have in the post office or bank. These questions are keenly felt, particularly if the interviewing officer is just out of college and half the age of the person the other side of the counter.

■ Unless a claimant heads a single-parent family, is registered sick, or is over retirement age, benefit will only be paid on condition that he or she registers for work. If the officer thinks that the claimant left or lost their previous job without good cause, or that the claimant is refusing suitable employment without good cause, then unemployment benefit is suspended for six weeks. On top of this the claimant will lose 40 per cent of their supplementary benefit entitlement. Furthermore, a claimant may also be suspended indefinitely from unemployment benefit if he places unreasonable restrictions on the kind of work he will take.

This means that the determined scrounger has to persuade a generally sceptical official that his case is genuine. There is some evidence that officials are over zealous in spotting potential scroungers. Welfare rights organisations find that many claimants have been wrongly penalised for allegedly leaving their work without good cause.

The numbers of unemployed who are suspended from benefit are considerable. Table 1 gives the relevant data from 1974 onwards. This shows that last year almost 450,000 – that is about 10 per cent of those made unemployed – did not get their unemployment benefit on the grounds that they left their last employment without good cause. A further 4,000 were penalised for refusing what the department alleged to be suitable employment. About half as many again SB claimants lost their benefit under the same control procedure.

■ Next, a determined scrounger – and many non-scroungers – have to deal with the DHSS's unemployment review officers. This post was first created in 1961 because

> It was found that an officer who had sufficient time to conduct long and repeated interviews with the man concerned, to arrange for him to receive offers of employment through the Ministry of Labour (now Department of Employment) to make sure he went after jobs offered, to question him closely about results of his application, confirming his story with the employer when this is desirable, is often able to bring about greater and more decisive results than an officer who had normal area office duty to carry out at the same time.

At the moment the Department has the equivalent of three hundred officers working full time carrying out unemployment review duties, compared with ten in 1961. Jenkin intends to increase their numbers this year and it was to the supposed effectiveness of this squad of officers which he referred when he said that one, earning £5,500, can save over £100,000 a year. On the surface the figures appear to support what he was saying. In 1978 165,102 long-term unemployed claimants (i.e. those out of work for over a year) were 'invited' for interview. Of these, 28,480 ceased to draw benefit shortly after the interview was arranged. Interviews with 116,181 actually took place and of these, 43,738 claimants ceased to draw benefit shortly after the interview. So it appears as though over two-fifths of these claimants suddenly found that they did not need the money either when they were told to come for an interview, or when they actually got there. The implication clearly is that all of them were claiming benefit illegally.

However, successive government ministers have failed to provide any information on how many of those who ceased to draw benefit shortly before or after the interview actually found work. This is a key piece of information, but we are told that it is not collected. These crudely presented figures take no account of how some claimants, often poorly educated and inarticulate, view the prospect of another interview as yet one more form of harassment from the DHSS, particularly at a time when the media keeps banging on about the workshy and the scrounger. Such people may just stop claiming, even though they have not found a job.

The Jenkin interpretation of these figures take no account of the movement in and out of employment each month, which is high even in times of unemployment and can fluctuate sharply in some regions because of the seasonal nature of employment; for instance, when a ship arrives in port, when a crop has to be picked, when a major civil engineering project is finished, or when a big employer takes its annual holiday and the ripples spread through the local economy. At the moment there are about four million registrations of unemployment a year and over the past ten years the number of people leaving the rolls has been around 300,000 to 400,000 a month. It is, therefore, not surprising that a large number of claimants stop drawing benefit – many of them will have found employment in the constant turnover of jobs which is disguised by the static monthly statistics. In doing his calculation, Jenkin has simply assumed that all those who stopped drawing benefit did so just because they had been contacted by the review officer; he seems to make no allowance for the possibility that they had found jobs independently.

■ Claimants thought to be 'swinging it' may have their benefit payable only after being subjected to a medical examination by the Department's regional medical service. Since 1970 over 50,000 claimants have been sent for medical examinations.

■ Claimants may also be paid benefit conditional on attending a re-establishment centre. It is at these centres that claimants are 're-

2 How many scroungers?*

1978/79

Type of benefit	No of claims	Fraud as % of claims
Family allowance or child benefit	661,296	0.042
Retirement pension	583,764	0.127
Unemployment benefit	4,383,000	0.563
Other contributory benefit	13,330,958	0.061
Supplementary benefit	5,547,396	0.596
TOTAL	24,506,414	0.273

3 How much do they cost?*

Type of benefit	Detected fraud £	Fraud as % of benefits paid out
Family benefits	36,753	0.639
Unemployment benefit	437,972	0.664
Sickness & invalidity benefit	420,406	0.051
Maternity benefits	6,840	
Widows' benefits	120,422	0.025
Retirement pension	60,495	0.001
Industrial injury benefits	24,732	0.012
Supplementary benefits	2,802,052	0.138
TOTAL	3,909,672	0.027

**Source: Answer to Parliamentary question tabled by myself.*

Press coverage of social security frauds: fuels public prejudice, frightens claimants and, as exposed by the magazine *Time Out*, is wrong in most important particulars.

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introduced' to the work routine. In 1978, 2,341 claimants passed through a reception centre, but of these, only 680 were discharged into employment, suggesting either that they had a superhuman resistance to the system or that the real problem was a lack of jobs.

■ Finally, a claimant may be prosecuted for the non-maintenance of himself and his family. Since 1974, over 2,500 prosecutions have been brought.

THE SUPPLEMENTARY BENEFITS commission has its own police force to look after the system. The first special investigators were appointed in 1954 and today there are 435 of them. In addition the Department of Employment has 75 special investigators following up on unemployment benefit frauds. Again, Jenkin intends to increase their numbers. In 1978 this squad of special investigators carried out inquiries into almost 38,000 cases of suspected fraud. As a result 14,300 allowances were withdrawn or reduced. Over 20,000 investigations were carried out into claimants who it appeared might be working on the side. A further 10,000 were investigations into suspected co-habitation. The rule that a woman living with a man cannot claim benefit operates against women who have steady boyfriends and entail special investigators trawling neighbourhoods picking up gossip about single women on benefit.

But despite all this, very little fraud can be detected. The DHSS is responsible for paying over 24 million benefit claims. Table 2 shows that in not one case has a fraud rate of anything near 1 per cent of claims been detected. In those benefits where there is a particular vulnerability to fraud a special effort is made to catch the scroungers but still the fraud detection rate is only a little over one half of 1 per cent.

The DHSS's squad of special investigators follow up tip-offs from the neighbours of those claimants who, as explained earlier, are taking an unfair share of part-time jobs, or are otherwise abusing the system. In 1976, 19,000 people appeared in court on fraud charges, compared with 7,770 six years earlier. But still the costs are not enormous. Table 3 gives the figures. In 1977/78 – the most recent figures available – less than £3 million was wrongly claimed in supplementary benefit. Unemployment benefit came next with almost £440,000. It is hard to imagine any government department, or indeed, any large organisation managing to run itself without losing this sort of money. In total in 1977/8 over £14.2 billion was paid out in social security benefit; the total amount of detected abuse was less than £4 million. Even in supplementary benefits, where known fraud amounted to £2.8 million, the total amount paid out was over £2 billion. In other words, the losses are equivalent to someone who earns £90 a week losing about 15p.

Sproat unmasked

But still the public believes that large numbers of people are wrongly drawing social security benefits, and the Tories are clearly going to exploit this atmosphere. The difficulty of the public knowing who is a fraudulent claimant is illustrated by one of Tory MP Ian Sproat's antics. In 1976 Sproat invited the public to tell him of cases where they suspected neighbours of fraud. 765 such allegations were passed to the DHSS. Some could not be checked, as the allegations were so vague. Of those letters which identified a family, 13 per cent of investigations showed that no trace could be found of the person having been a claimant, let alone abusing benefit. In 67 per cent of investigations, there was no suspicion of fraud. 22 cases – i.e. 3 per cent – of previously undetected fraud were cited. But as Stan Orme said at the time, had the staff time been spent on manning the normal control procedures, instead of chasing up on who the public thinks is abusing benefit, ten times as many cases of possible abuse would have been found.

AS THE TORIES fan public prejudice against those on benefit, for what worthwhile reform should Labour be pressing? In the first place, the most effective control procedure against claimants wrongly drawing unemployment is to offer them a job. Tory policies now probably have the opposite effect. Second, act against low pay and increase child benefits: because Britain is a low wage economy, there is at present a disincentive for some claimants who are responsible for children to move back into work. Thatcher vetoed an increase in child benefits in the last budget on the grounds that it would encourage the work-shy. But this decision could have the opposite effect to that intended. The Government have increased the allowance for the children of those who are unable to work; but they have failed to raise the child benefit paid to those in full-time employment. The gap has widened, therefore, between the income of low wage earners when they are in work and the greater amount they can pick up in social security payments when unemployed. Third, abolish the 100 per cent tax on a claimant's earnings. The payment of social security benefits should encourage honesty. The present rules which can claw back a pound in benefit for each £1 in part-time earnings over £2, have the opposite effect. There is clearly a case for reverting to a system whereby claimants can declare part-time earnings and keep a fair proportion of them, say, 50 per cent.

More fundamental reforms are also called for. Although paying adequate non-means-tested benefits will cost a great deal of money, this Government has shown that it *is* possible to take £4 billion from one section, of the population and give it to another.

POLICE

SPG runs riot on Walsall estate, injuring 10

Howard Sharron writes: The West Midlands Police failed to challenge evidence in court last month that a Special Patrol Group 'rioted' on a Walsall council estate on 21 July – and they are now being sued for damages by one of the injured victims. Mr. Graham Parry of the Beachdale Estate, Walsall, who was unable to work for three months after the assault is pressing the claim. He is one of ten people who say they were beaten by police during the riot first reported in the NEW STATESMAN (5 October).

According to numerous witnesses the Tipton-based Special Patrol Group – which had been patrolling the predominantly white Beachdale Estate following racial conflict in the town centre – used the pretext of a casual remark directed against them by a local resident to occupy the estate's central square and make a large number of arrests with unwarranted brutality. A bystander is on record as having heard one police officer say 'There are no effing blacks in town' . . . and, 'We can't take the van back empty tonight'.

Graham Parry was among those arrested that night and was charged with being drunk and disorderly. At his trial (which ended on 1 November) he claimed that while walking home from town, away from the *melee*, he was obliged to assist a 16-year-old youth who had been kicked in the testicals by the police, was crying and unable to walk. He was then stopped by a police van and repeatedly hit in the stomach and chest by a police officer. He was allowed to continue helping the youth home with another man. When they approached a stationary police vehicle with several officers standing beside it, Parry was grabbed again, had his head pulled downwards by his hair so that a clump of it came out, and was thumped in the stomach and chest while two police officers held his arms. He was then thrown into the vehicle with the other two.

Four neighbours living in Lister Road, where some of the earlier assaults took place, saw what happened from their windows, and contested police evidence that Parry, the youth and the other man were singing in a drunken fashion. They insisted that there was no singing, that Parry was repeatedly struck although he offered no resistance. The kicking of the youth between the legs was also witnessed. One of the neighbours, Mrs. Kathleen Wilkes, testified in court that on approaching Parry, who is known to the police, one officer shouted: 'That's Parry – he'll do'. This was confirmed by her husband and not challenged by the prosecution.

Further testimony from a witness, describing how police brutally attacked and arrested members of a family as they left a private anniversary party, was also left unchallenged. Mr. Roger Haynes said he saw members of the Joesbury family, including two young women, one of whom was pregnant, being pushed kicked and knocked to the ground. He telephoned the police station to make a complaint and was told to come down to the main Walsall station in Green Lane. While walking towards the station, Mr. Haynes and several others including a Mr. Steve Dolan were stopped by the police. Haynes and Dolan were arrested for dropping litter – which is not an arrestable offence – and both claim they were punched in the police car. They were later charged with being drunk and disorderly. Haynes has lodged a formal complaint.

Despite Haynes' evidence about general police behaviour on the estate and the weight of evidence in the incidents involving Graham Parry, magistrates still found Parry guilty – although they clearly felt constrained enough by the evidence to give him a conditional discharge and refuse a prosecution application for £380 costs against him. Mr. Parry is appealing.

In the trial of members of the Joesbury family, who were detained for breaking Section 5 of the Public Order Act and for being drunk and disorderly, the defending counsel was able to elicit in cross examination of the police that following the arrests fifteen officers sat around a table in Willenhall station and made up their notebooks together. On the basis of this two of the family were acquitted by magistrates.

Mr. Ivan Geffen, Parry's defending solicitor, said: 'What is especially disturbing about the violence on the estate is that it must have been witnessed by officers of the rank of Sergeant and Inspector. It is by far the worst case of a breakdown in police discipline I have ever experienced in the town'. In court Mr. Geffen described the actions of the SPG as that of an 'Occupying Army'.

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THE PRESS

Telling lies about comprehensive schools

Bruce Page writes: Nothing rivals an education story for drawing out the bias and sloth of the average British hack. Beginning with Sue Reid of the *Evening Standard*, followed by Anthony Doran of the *Telegraph*, and the bleary luminaries of the *Star* and the *News of the World*, we've been treated lately to much newsprint denunciation of comprehensive education – focused, in this case, upon Islington Green School, in central London. *All-in school's 'A-level' flop*, hollered the first gleeful headline, and the stereotypes trundled out subsequently were of a kind Fleet Street can't resist.

Seemingly, a co-ed comprehensive, run by a woman (once a Communist!), eschewing corporal punishment, had produced perfectly awful exam results, by comparison with its neighbour Highbury Grove – an ex-grammar school, inhabited only by freely-caned males, and formerly run by the whiskery Thatcherite Rhodes Boyson. Add to this allegations of slackness by emigrés from the Islington Green staff, together with the fact that the vile Socialists of the Inner London Education Authority intended to close worthy Highbury Grove (not subversive Islington Green) and it's a sub-editor's dream.

By the customary device of minimising inquiry, the hacks managed to be diametrically wrong. Insofar as education can be measured, Islington Green's performance equals or surpasses Highbury Grove's. The accusing teachers were ones who had themselves been found lacking in basic self-discipline like punctuality. And the impending doom of Highbury Grove was largely a confection.

Exam figures are complex, but the central point is that *results* can't be compared without comparing *intakes*. A boxing coach who has a monopoly of fit males over 12st 7lb will always produce the heavyweight champion, however skilful his competitors.

You may think it wrong, but the ILEA just now grades children into three ability bands before they go to secondary school. And Band 1 children are those most likely, five years later, to score passes at O-level (or its equivalent, CSE Grade 1). They are almost the only ones who can be expected, in present conditions, to get A-levels after six years. The central premise of the comprehensive system is that the performance of all ability groups will be enhanced by educating them together, and the best available research suggests that this works out in practice.[1] The corollary is that comprehensive schools should have a 'balanced intake', with each one getting the same proportion of the ablest children.

But even after selectivity has been abolished (which in London was not so long ago) special factors may bias the intake of a particular school: chiefly, its reputation, because parents of Band 1 children can exercise much freedom of choice. Six years ago Islington Green, a former secondary modern, was demoralised because it had been labelled as a 'sink school'. Highbury Grove, by contrast, was a highly popular ex-grammar school.

Since then Islington Green's fortunes have been restored by a new head, Margaret Maden (who, like the head of Highbury Grove, was once a Communist.) This year, it was oversubscribed in Band 1.

But changes take time to work through. The sixth-year which the *Standard* 'exposed' for getting only three A-levels had just *two* Band 1 children at the outset.

Gleeful *(Telegraph)* comparisons were made between fifth-year results for Highbury Grove and Islington Green: allegedly, 220 O-levels against 22. This was dud reporting indeed, for it compared Highbury's total for O-level *and* CSE-1 (equivalents) to Islington Green's simple O-level total. And it included second-try passes in the Highbury total, against Islington's strict fifth-year passes.

Highbury Grove's true fifth-year score for combined O/CSE-1 was 189: a decent performance, for on ILEA's rule-of-thumb a school should score five O/CSE-1s for each Band 1 entrant. In the relevant year, Highbury had 31 Band 1s (in 240) so might have expected only 155 passes. But Islington Green in that year had only *two* Band 1 children, so on rule-of-thumb it would only have expected about 10 O/CSE-1 passes. *In fact, 62 passes were achieved.*

John Wilson and Norman Kendall, cited by the *Telegraph* as witnesses to slackness, are both veterans of the 'sink' years at Islington Green. Wilson, although deputy head, was a poor time-keeper, and regarded by Miss Maden as insuffucuently punctilious in marking work. Kendall was actually Head of Year for the Islington fifth-years whose performance he (mistakenly) attacks: he was heavily criticised for being inaccessible to staff and parents. Both men have taken early retirement.

Both Islington Green and Highbury Grove will be affected by falling school populations – but the co-ed school less so. The ILEA plan is to continue the Highbury Grove operation by giving it the intake of another boy's school, Sir Philip Magnus. Formally the two schools will be amalgamated, so that the best teachers from each can compete for posts. Wilson and Kendall, now teaching part-time at Highbury Grove, face sharp competition if this plan is carried through.

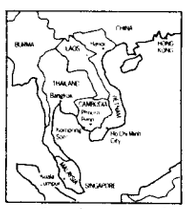
The Tories intend introducing legislation to make the disclosure of exam results compulsory; this tale shows the importance of making it a full disclosure on a comparable basis between schools.

Interest declared: Bruce Page's wife, Anne Page, is chairman of governors at Islington Green.

[1] See 'How good schools can change children' (NS 23 March 1979).

Oxfam at work in Cambodia

-with your help.



When Oxfam staff first got into Cambodia in August, the situation there was appalling.

Two million people had been killed or died of starvation and disease.

There was virtually no food or medicines. Hospitals had been destroyed, families split.

Children were dying of starvation.

Oxfam–First to help.

Since then, Oxfam has sent the following:

First Relief Flight to Cambodia.

Flight 1–Aug 24th–2 tons medicines and equipment, £25,000.

Flight 2–Sept 21st–40 tons milk powder, food, clothing, etc., £75,000.

Oxfam Team Flies In.

Flight 3–Sept 28th–40 tons food and medicines, £85,000.

Grant 1–Sept 19th to Cambodia Health Ministry for local supplies, £10,000.

Grant 2–Sept 26th for medical supplies for refugees in Thailand, £11,574.

Grant 3–Oct 29th for food and medical supplies for refugees in Thailand, £20,000.

First Food Ship from the West.

Barge 1–Oct 13th–1500 tons food, seeds and tools, £190,000.

Barge 2–Oct 25th–2000 tons food, seeds and tools with 1100 ton barge in tow, £185,800.

Further Aid from Oxfam.

There were very few vehicles remaining in Cambodia so Oxfam has sent 7 Landrovers, £48,000.

Also, there has been a desperate need for lorries to distribute food inside Cambodia. Oxfam has ordered 50 Leyland 7-tonners. The first 10 for shipment, Nov 6th, £920,000.

Barge 3 is scheduled to leave Singapore loaded with seed, yarn (for spinning cloth), fishing nets, twine (to make new nets), pumps, tools and fork-lift truck. Leaving Nov 8th, £170,000.

Many more could die by Christmas.

Unless food, drugs and supplies continue to flow for at least 6 months until the next crops can be harvested, many more people will die by Christmas. The children are especially at risk.

The first priorities now are to get new crops planted and food aid distributed.

More barges are now being organised and we have an agreement with the government to monitor distribution.

Oxfam is working with many other agencies to help, but the size of the operation means we need every penny we can get.

The people of Cambodia are living on a knife edge. We can't let more people die. Please send us a donation today.

To: Oxfam Cambodia Appeal, RoomWS2, Oxfam, 274 Banbury Road, Oxford OX2 7DZ.
Here is my donation of £ to help. Please send me a progress report and receipt.
Name
Address

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INSURANCE AND THE BOSSES

Will the CBI strike insurance scheme ever get off the ground?

Solidarity and self-interest

THE CBI's STRIKE insurance scheme which was confirmed at the CBI conference last week may never get beyond the drawing board. The scheme relies on those companies without strikes paying compensation to those with strikes. It seems extremely unlikely that the CBI will be able to devise a package of low premiums and wide cover attractive enough to entice those companies without a strike record into the scheme.

The precedents for strike insurance are not encouraging. In 1971, and again in 1975, the CBI looked at the possibility of a mutual strike fund but abandoned the search because of 'problems of definition and lack of practibility.' The same problems remain today, given that the CBI plan a scheme quite different from that operated by companies in Sweden and Germany. In both these countries collective agreements are legally binding, wage negotiations are more centralised, the employers' organisations have greater disciplinary powers over their members and, as a result, companies are willing to make a flat rate payment to cover strikes following breakdowns in wage negotiations at regional and national level. In Britain few companies would think it right that those employers with a no-strike record should pay the same premium as those with a strike record: as in car insurance, the premium should reflect the risk. As a result the CBI's advisers are planning to insure companies according to an individual rating which reflects the risk.

Four of Britain's largest insurance brokers, Bland Payne and Sedgwick Forbes, C. T. Bowring, Hogg Robinson and Willis Faber are working on the CBI plans. Some of them have experience of insurance in the 'industrial arena'. Hogg Robinson, for example, manages a railway company strike fund in America; while a fifth, smaller company Gaunt Armstrong and Kemble, operator of a newspaper fund in America, has put its own plan to the CBI. But all of the insurance schemes operated by those companies apply to individual industries: by contrast the CBI scheme will be open to all its members' industries.

Casting the net so wide for its premiums, the scheme needs to limit the occasions on which compensation will be paid. Union actions short of a strike are, for instance, unlikely to be included. A firm will be compensated for the standing charges – such as rent and rates – it has to pay, but lost profits will not be covered. Strikes will have to last for some days – possibly ten – before compensation becomes payable and there will also be an upper limit to the length of strike covered.

More seriously than this, strikes which deaden whole industries – 'catastrophic risks' – will not be compensated at all: a national dock strike, for instance, would not be covered. The reason for such exclusions is simple: any single action could, in a single gulp, swallow more than the fund had in it, especially in the early days.

As the greatest strike risk to industry will not be covered by the fund, the CBI is trying to insure as many situations almost as severe as they can find. In particular it is looking at ways in which it can cover firms against closure caused by strikes in other industries – the 'knock-on effect'. To attract the premiums of strike-free companies it is almost essential to offer such cover. As the CBI scheme is industry-wide it means insuring a firm in one industry against the considerable ramifications of a strike in another industry. This is a very hard risk to assess and a complex system of premiums and compensation will need to be devised. Already the CBI realise that there is likely to be a clamour from firms to insure against the knock-on effects of strikes, but not to insure their own. This is a luxury that an insurance company can ill-afford. It is like expecting a full pay-out for half the stake.

The CBI realises that companies will only take out the strike insurance on grounds of self-interest – they cannot rely on employers' solidarity, even though strike insurance is meant to frighten the unions with a show of such solidarity. So the CBI will adopt a strict form of rating according to a company's size, location, industrial sector, union presence and strike record. As Sir Alex Jarratt, head of the working party which put forward the proposal said:

> We have to guard against the majority unfairly financing a relatively few unduly strike-prone companies.

This may result in some companies being so highly rated due to their strike record that they stay out of the fund. So on the one hand the CBI runs the very real risk of pitching the premiums so that it has no strike-free companies to pay for the strike-prone companies and, on the other, pitching them so that only strike-free companies will be able to afford to join, so the existence of the fund becomes somewhat redundant.

Such problems are not insurmountable so long as the CBI's brokers can persuade companies that the price for their common interest is a reasonable one. But success will also hinge on how the fund is managed. The CBI have already decided that they will have to run the scheme themselves and Jarratt has said that a separate company will be set up.

It is most likely that such a company will be in an off-shore tax haven such as Bermuda, the Bahamas, the Cayman Islands, Gibraltar, Guernsey or the Isle of Man. The attraction of this is that the tax savings would swell the funds available to meet the claims from fund members. Every penny will be needed. This is not only because the company may begin life with only £100 million in premium income – trivial in relation to the claimed costs of strikes – but also because it will be without the reinsurance market to offset its losses.

Furthermore, the new insurance company will suffer from an unusual handicap. When firms set up such 'captive' insurance companies to look after their own insurance, they start off life taking only the safest risks, so that reserves can be built up. In the CBI's case there will be no such honeymoon period.

There is clearly a lot of sabre rattling in the strike insurance idea, with Jarratt saying, hopefully, 'knowledge of the very existence of the scheme could change the pattern of both sides' behaviour during disputes.' Lloyd's, the London insurance market, agreed that it could change the pattern of behaviour, seeing the danger that companies might take out insurance, even at high rates, knowing they could afford to sit out a long strike, certain that its cost would be met by the underwriters. Despite an unofficial boast that they insure almost anything so long as it is legal, Lloyd's decided to have nothing to do with strike insurance. They were probably right.

LABOUR LAW
Anthony Blair

Unions win a round in their fight with the judges, but are still losing on points

Lords victory for union

A CRUCIAL VICTORY was scored for trade unions in their running battle with the courts when the House of Lords ruled in the case of the *Nawala* on 26 October, that the International Transport Workers Federation could not be sued for blacking ships flying flags of convenience. This overruled an earlier judgment by the Court of Appeal (in the case of the *Camilla M*) which said that if the ITF blacked a flag of convenience ship it was following a political objective and therefore its officials could be sued. The Lords also accepted that the Trade Union and Labour Relations Act of 1974 was intended to exclude the courts from industrial disputes – an important reversal of the recent trend of judicial decisions, which has undermined that intention, leaving unions exposed to the harshness of common law.

Unrestrained by statute, the common law works against unions, because it looks at trade disputes from an individualistic point of view and has no notion of collective trade union rights. For example if a union pickets the premises of a supplier to a company with which it is in dispute, that is an inducement to the employees to break their contracts of employment and to the supplier to break his commercial contract – both of which, under common law, can be prevented by an injunction. The 1974 Act (as amended) gave the union's officials and its members immunity from such restraint where they are acting 'in contemplation or furtherance of a trade dispute'. However, the courts have insisted that the industrial action must further the dispute *in the view of the court*, not just in the view of the union. The case of the *Camilla M* concerned the blacking of a ship flying a flag of convenience and paying low wages to its seamen. (Such flags are often a cover for low wages and appalling working conditions.) The shipowners brought evidence to court that the seamen were happy with their wages and did not want the higher rates for which the International Transport Workers Federation was pressing. The Court of Appeal gratefully accepted this, saying that since the seamen were happy with their wages, blacking the ship would not further the dispute with the shipowners and was therefore unlawful. In

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other words, the Court was ready to accept evidence that seamen from poor third world countries (and probably afraid for their jobs) actually *preferred* lower wages.

The courts have also ruled that a union must genuinely be trying to further its dispute in taking industrial action: if not, it is acting in bad faith and loses its immunity. And it is up to the courts to decide what the union's motives are and whether they are genuine. In the case of *Associated Newspapers v Wade* the National Graphical Association was originally in dispute over recognition with the newspapers of T. Bailey Forman. It tried to stop advertisements being placed in those papers and when some companies failed to comply, the NGA blacked advertisements they placed in other newspapers. As a result, Associated Newspapers, together with Boots the Chemist and other companies, took the NGA to court. The Court of Appeal ruled that there was no genuine dispute with the advertisers and the NGA was therefore not immune under the 1974 Act. But the NGA did not claim to have any dispute with the advertisers: it was taking the only means available to it of putting pressure on T. Bailey Forman.

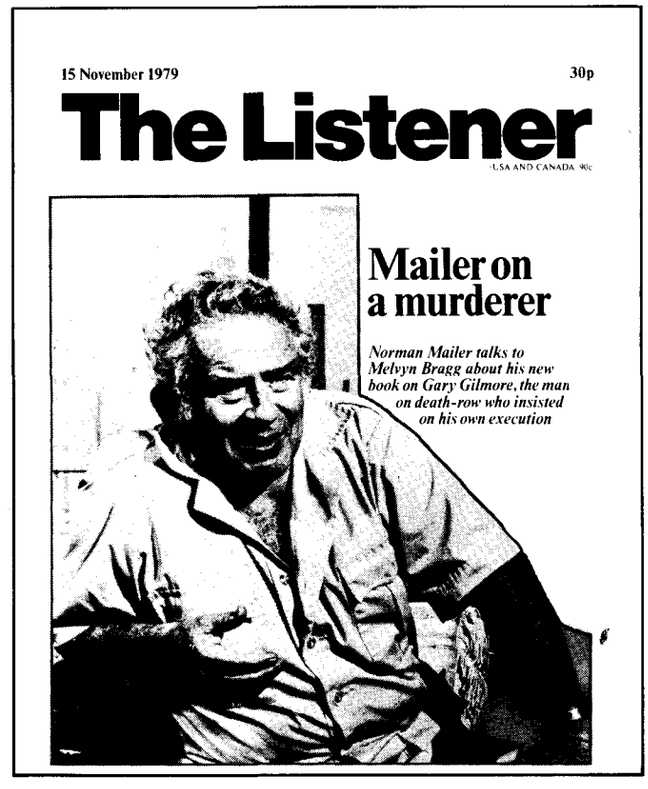
That case did not go to the House of Lords. But *Daily Express v MacShane* has, and the decision is expected soon. This dispute was similar to the NGA's and began with the National Union of Journalists calling provincial journalists out on strike after some members had been sacked over a pay claim. The provincial newspapers managed to survive during the strike on copy supplied by the Press Association, so the NUJ instructed its members in PA to shut off copy from them. Only half the PA members agreed to do so, which undermined the effectiveness of the union's action. The NUJ then instructed its members on national newspapers not to handle PA copy – at which point the Daily Express took legal action. The Court of Appeal held that the NUJ's instruction was unlawful, as it was injuring PA but not the provincial press – with which it was in dispute – *directly*. The Trade Union and Labour Relations Act gives immunity to acts which are 'in furtherance' of a trade dispute, not just to those which are 'directly in furtherance', and it remains to be seen which way the Lords will jump.

The procedure the courts apply in 'labour injunction' cases presents a particular problem for unions. The employer applies for an 'interlocutory' injunction before the case itself is tried, to decide what the *status quo* should be in the meantime. All the evidence for these applications is in the form of written affidavits: it cannot be challenged in cross-examination and gives a wide licence to applicants. (For example, in one recent case, there were serious allegations of violence on the picket line, which must have influenced the court in granting an injunction against the union, but which later turned out to be unfounded.)

Applications for interlocutory injunctions reach the court a day or two after they are made. The actual trial may take two years to reach court and by then of course the dispute will be long over. So in practice there never is a trial and the interlocutory stage is vital. The beauty of this from the employer's point of view (and the huge disadvantage from the union's point of view) is that the interlocutory application by its very nature does not, *in theory*, decide the case finally. To get an injunction, the applicant need only show that he *might* succeed at trial, he does not have to prove his case. If he can show that he might succeed, then he has to show that the 'balance of convenience', as it is called, lies with him. This means he must show that he will suffer more from an injunction not being granted than the union will if one is granted. In all recent cases the Court of Appeal has sympathised with the employer because he is losing profit from his business, and has refused to weigh in the 'balance of convenience' the trade union interest in putting pressure on the employer.

In the case of the *Nawala*, the House of Lords changed the emphasis a little, saying that if the union's defence of being 'in furtherance of a trade dispute' is likely to succeed at trial, an injunction generally should not be granted. However, the Lords made an exception to this rule where the consequences of trade union action 'to the employer, to third parties or the public and the nation itself' are 'disastrous'. It remains to be seen how this loophole will be exploited by the Court of Appeal. The House of Lords did not touch on the vital issue of whether an action must *directly* bring pressure to bear on an employer to qualify for immunity under the 1974 Act. The Court of Appeal has so far held – as in the MacShane decision – that it must.

The Court of Appeal has been floating another argument, pregnant with danger for the public service unions. This is that where a body or institution has a statutory duty to perform, then industrial action inhibiting the performance of its duty is unlawful, whether or not it is in furtherance of a trade dispute. If this argument prevails, it could lift immunity from *any* trade union taking industrial action against *any* statutory body. But if the courts now continue in the direction indicated by the *Nawala* decision and give effect to the spirit of 1974, there will simply be a greater incentive for the Tories to amend the law.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The Listener
USA AND CANADA 90c
Mailer on a murderer
Norman Mailer talks to Melvyn Bragg about his new book on Gary Gilmore, the man on death-row who insisted on his own execution

In today's Listener Melvyn Bragg interviews Norman Mailer about his new book *The Executioner's Song*. It focuses on the personality of Gary Gilmore – the self-confessed murderer who insisted that the State carry out the death sentence imposed on him, despite attempts by civil liberties campaigners to save his life.

Africa's Cross of Humiliation
In the second of his Reith Lectures, Ali Mazrui argues that Africans are probably the most humiliated people in modern history. Their subjugation has taken various forms; from the horrors of slavery to being treated as third-class citizens in their own continent.

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TRADES UNIONS
Edward Finn

America's TUC meets this week in an atmosphere of crisis

The end of 'Tuxedo Unionism'?

TIME HAS FINALLY CAUGHT UP with George Meany, the 84 year old President of the AFL-CIO, America's equivalent of the TUC. Ill health, paradoxically, prevented Meany upholding the tradition that leaders of America's trade union movement never retire but are instead carried from office feet first. He will retire next year, having reigned virtually supreme since graduating from the Presidency of the old American Federation of Labour to become head of the newly merged AFL-CIO in 1955. A combination of constitutional authority, political skill and a well-established system of rewards and favours has enabled Meany to stamp his unique style on both the domestic and the international affairs of post-war trade unionism in the United States. The imminence of his departure will add momentum to a process of self-examination in union circles, which will be evident at this weekend's annual congress of the AFL-CIO in Washington, and which has assumed a sense of urgency since last summer, when the US Senate declined to pass the Labour Reform Bill promoted by the unions as essential to their future health.

The AFL-CIO had staked a great deal on the Bill as a weapon to arrest the fall in its membership which had continued for two successive years. The US union movement is the only one in the industrialised West which is in decline. Barely 20 per cent of the total US labour force is unionised, compared with 53 per cent in Britain.

The fact that the AFL-CIO looked to the Labour Reform Bill to halt its decline is partly due to the highly legalistic character of US industrial relations. In 1946, the Americans elected an hysterically anti-union Congress, which passed the Taft-Hartley Act which is a panoply of anti-union measures, including legally binding collective contracts, restrictions on the right to strike, prohibition of the closed shop and compulsory cooling-off periods. Although the union movement initially fought a well organised campaign against what was dubbed the 'Slave Labour Act', enthusiasm for continuing the fight has since been erratic – not least because Taft-Hartley had a limited impact on the established areas of trade union organisation, such as steel, construction and automobiles. The legislation struck hardest, as was its intention, in industries where unions were seeking a toehold, such as retailing, and in industries where union organisation had long been partial and precarious, such as textiles.

The resistance to unions of US employers has ranged from subtle indoctrination to obvious intimidation and, says the AFL-CIO, results on average in 20,000 workers losing their jobs every year for trying to join a union. The Labour Reform Bill was designed to stop employers consistently exploiting the laws on trade union bargaining by use of delaying and obstructionist tactics. It also aimed to stiffen what are now widely recognised as ineffective penalties for employers, such as those who refuse to comply with court rulings which favour unions.

The campaign to change the law was prompted by the growing popularity of the South, with its cheaper and non-unionised pool of labour, for new industrial investment.

American hotel worker (right) on the picket-line. *Popperfoto*

A majority of Southern states enjoy 'right-to-work' laws which in practice amount to union-busting charters. Unions there have suffered a succession of humiliating defeats in recognition ballots, even where the parent company in the North has a record of established trade union recognition. The Southern phenomenon, together with the fall in employment in a number of heavily unionised industries, has produced a mood of crisis in US unions – although these factors only partly explain the fall in membership. It is the changed character of US trade unionism since the Second World War which lies at the heart of the decline. And it is symptomatic that union leaders are so late in trying to stop the rot and are hoping to do so by a legislative short cut.

SINCE ITS FORMATION the AFL-CIO has been dominated by a man with an unfalteringly simplistic Cold War vision of the world, supported by an Executive Board which has usually either shared his views or has felt it prudent not to oppose them. As a result, the AFL-CIO has found itself to the right even of the State Department on several important international issues. Opposed to *detente* with the Soviet Union, to pulling out of Vietnam and to recognition of China, it has become increasingly isolated. Its leaders' failure to judge the mood of young Americans on the Vietnam war, their inconsistency over civil rights issues and, more recently, their failure to grasp the significance of the women's movement, have prevented large sections of the trade union movement from playing a leading role in major social developments.

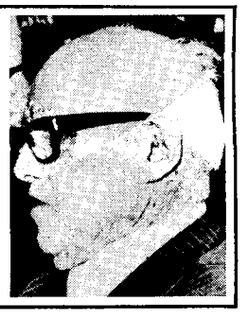
In the early 1960s the AFL-CIO's own Organising Department estimated that 26 million workers could realistically be added to union membership. However, the great organising drives that were promised never materialised, initially because of inter-union squabbles and later due to a lack of will at the highest levels. Asked in 1972 why his membership was not growing as fast as the labour force, George Meany replied:

> I don't know, I don't care. Why should we worry about organising groups of people who do not appear to want to be organised? If they prefer to have others speak for them and make the decisions which affect their lives without effective participation on their part, that is their right.

Senior union officials have been rewarded by successive US governments with inclusion in the 'Highest Councils of State', but at the price of putting up with a climate increasingly hostile to trade unionism. The oppressively legalistic nature of collective bargaining, coupled with a general absence of independent work-place organisation, has left ordinary union members few opportunities to express their views on the efforts of their leaders. Often their only chance is when they are called upon to ratify collective bargaining contracts, but many union leaders, including Meany, oppose letting the rank and file enjoy even that token of democracy.

In recent years opposition has been growing to what many unionists have described as 'Tuxedo Unionism' – referring not just to the indulgent life styles of many senior officials, but also to the high-handed and undemocratic way in which they run their unions. The crown prince system of succession which prevails in many unions makes it difficult to displace ruling caucuses. Nevertheless, opposition campaigns during the past few years have shaken the leadership in several important unions, including those of the steel workers and the miners. In turn, growing dissatisfaction with the AFL-CIO's bureaucracy has begun to surface anong senior officials of various national unions and the relationship between organised labour and the Democratic Party is attracting greater scrutiny. Many big unions are by-passing the AFL-CIO and meeting informally to discuss issues of common concern, notably in the area of international union activities. But most union leaders are reconciled to the fact that change will not come until Meany finally lets go of the reins. It is generally agreed that his successor will not be allowed to acquire the kind of power which he has enjoyed for so long.

THROUGHOUT THE 23 YEARS of its existence, the AFL-CIO's tardiness in organising American workers has stood in stark contrast to its vigorous efforts to bring American-style trade unionism to developing countries. The major thrust of foreign activities has been in Latin America and conducted though an auxiliary organisation, the American Institute For Free Labour Development, AIFLD. Its mode of operation has in turn set the pattern for similar institutes covering Africa and Asia. Most of the finance comes through the State Department's AID programmes but additional funds are provided by U.S. corporations which operate in



Going at last. George Meany, 84 year old boss of the AFL-CIO – America's TUC.

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Latin America and in turn places on AIFLD's executive board are taken up by executives of these corporations. The logic of this arrangement has been defended by AIFLD's director, William Doherty on the grounds that participation by

> . . . enlightened U.S. businessman with interests in Latin America . . . serves as a good example to Latin America trade unions of responsibility as opposed to implacable hostility among opposed economic interests. Distrust of the United States in general caused by hostility to U.S. firms hits labour hard and labour thus has an interest in dispelling the 'Yankee imperialist' image.

Although AIFLD boasts that over 300,000 Latin Americans have graduated through its various training programmes there are few success stories for trade unionism in that part of the world. The dividends instead have been reaped by the US government and in particular by the CIA, which was quick to use AIFLD and other trade union connections as a cover for its clandestine operations.

Ever since the alliance struck during the First World War between Samuel Gompers, then President of the old AFL, and President Wilson, US union leaders have been infatuated with the idea that involvement with government in the field of foreign affairs would provide the key to the respectability which American capitalism stubbornly refused to grant them. This yearning for public recognition and approval was accentuated at the end of the Second World War when domestic rivalry between the AFL and its more youthful rival, the CIO spilled over into the international arena. Some senior officials believed that international recognition as the sole representative of American labour abroad would bring tangible benefits at home.

A scramble to intervene in the union movements of Europe to fight communism and demonstrate their important role as free world champions duly followed and every accomplishment was relayed back home for domestic consumption. Intervention in the re-emerging union movements of post-war Europe proved to be the testing ground for subsequent intervention in the embryonic movements of the Third World. Despite the very different circumstances the strategy has remained largely unchanged – split the movement in order to isolate the 'communists', patronise key individuals, pour in large quantities of dollars and build the superstructure of trade unionism from the top down. Although some of the tactics may have varied this strategy has been run and re-run in countries as far apart as France, Ethiopia and Zaire. The Ethiopian trade union movement, when most needed at the time of Haile Selassie's fall, was found to comprise a shiny headquarters building, a few corrupt officials and little else.

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The man of marketable woes

JUST BEFORE *The Times* was suspended last November, it became fashionable at a certain sort of dinner party to compare notes on what aspects of The Thunderer would be most missed. As in one of those competitions which frequently adorn the tabloids, it was not enough just to state the attractions of the product – reliability, good suspension, Marc's cartoons, the science reports, Bernard Levin, letters from Lord Goodman, advertisements from the Ashbrooke-Pembleton-Ffrenches. In order to win maximum *chic* points one also had to put them in the correct order; and no one, so far as can be ascertained, found room – even in tenth place – for poor old Ronald Butt.

Indeed, it is questionable how many readers of *The Times* are more than dimly aware of Butt's existence. Although he occupies a position unique in windbaggery – both the *Sunday Times* and *The Times* provide him with a pulpit – he is the most anonymous and unnoticed of pundits. He says a lot, but has nothing to say.

He did achieve fleeting attention just before *The Times* went into hibernation, with a piece written at the time of the Labour Party Conference, in which he discussed the well-covered theme of angry young men moving to the right as they grow older. Jim Callaghan, Butt informed his readers

> has made this kind of Pilgrim's Progress, casting away, as best he could, the crippling burden of dogma as he went along (though safety still obliges him to remain a nominal member of the Tribune Group) until he now appears as his party's principal public attraction . . .

When a lobby scribe enters the corridors and bars of Westminster, he is taught the First Rule of Political Journalism, which runs as follows: there is a Member of Parliament called James Callaghan MP, a football referee who sits for Middleton and Prestwich; and there is a Member of Parliament who goes by the name of the Rt Hon. (Leonard) James Callaghan MP, who is, as they say, a wholly different kettle of ball games. On no account should the two be confused. Yet Ronnie, a former lobby man who has now spent many years pontificating on matters political, had somehow managed it. A week later the following small paragraph appeared below his column:

> The Mr James Callaghan who is a member of the Tribune Group is not the Prime Minister, as I wrongly wrote last week, but the Labour MP for Middleton and Prestwich. I offer my apologies to both Mr Callaghans for this error.

Supporters of Ronald Butt (now almost an extinct breed) shrug off this howler with the observation that 'anyone can make a mistake'. So they can, of course; but only a person divorced from the world of active journalistic inquiry, could commit an error of that size and shape. Had Butt's antennae not been numbed by years of punditry, he would surely have recognised that here, indeed, was a story: the Prime Minister is a member of the Tribune Group, and no one else has pointed this out! This is not the stuff of parentheses, except for scribes whose whole work is parenthetical.

Butt seldom moves outside a small meadow of mental activity, never tiring of telling us that he is against 'trendies', 'professional lobbyists', 'fashionable educational trends', *Guardian* readers, 'dedicated committee-sitters', quangos and 'the sinister pied piping of Mr Peter Hain and his pop performers'. By fulminating against these evils he apparently believes that he is speaking for the 'ordinary man', around whose overheard remarks on the Highgate omnibus he constructs entire theories of society. What he is really doing is encouraging the prejudices of certain sections of the lumpenbourgeoisie.

Those who retain a lingering affection for the old boy argue that at least one cannot say

of him (as one can of Bernard Levin) that no lonely or unpopular cause has ever been his. This is true, but hardly to his credit; for when one looks at the claims he has championed it turns out that they were unpopular for the simple reason that most people with two brain cells to rub together had seen through them already. Five years ago he devoted a considerable acreage of newsprint to quoting abortion horror stories from the book *Babies for Burning*, a notorious work which claimed that babies had been made into soap, and which was exposed by the *Sunday Times* as a fantasy. Unlike Levin, Butt is not a phoney; thus he blindly stuck by the book, incurring for himself considerable unpopularity among his colleagues. But is stubbornness in the teeth of overwhelming evidence really a quality to be admired?

SO WHAT WILL Ronnie leave to posterity? 'Ah yes,' say the apologists, 'the book, what about the book?' In 1965, while he was at the *Financial Times*, he was awarded a one year Journalistic Research Fellowship attachment at Nuffield College, Oxford. Butt, who is proud of the fact that he is a Freeman of the City of Oxford (an honour passed on to him by his father-in-law), and who strikes many as a don *manqué*, trotted off to David Butler's house and settled down to write his book *The Power of Parliament* (Constable, £3.50). In it, Butt set out to show 'the ultimate power over a Government of its parlimentary majority'.

Yet even Butt's supposed contribution to scholarship is seasoned with the battiness which has since become his hallmark. Try this for size:

> Any Prime Minister who thought he could dispense with consideration for the views of his party in Parliament would wholly misunderstand his position. He would be equally ill-advised to suppose that the so-called 'weapon' of dissolution would enable him to bring recalcitrant supporters to heel if all the rest of his pressures on them (and their natural inclination not to play into the opposition's hands) did not suffice to keep them loyal.

If there was one device which kept the Government of Jim Callaghan (the stoker, not the football referee) alive long after the heart had stopped beating, it was the calling of confidence votes when his backbenchers began to rattle their cages.

Yet perhaps this doesn't matter to Butt, since he seems to inhabit a wholly different world from the rest of us: his is a society in which most humans are fundamentally bad, and must be made good (his spell as a teacher was his own contribution to this process); a society filled with people who are conspiring against him. The Sexual Law Reform Society, the Labour Party, Andy Warhol, the National Council for Civil Liberties, the makers of *A Clockwork Orange*, the racial integration lobby – poor old Butt is tormented, Pinfold-like, by their voices. The sole haven of honesty and goodness is, it seems, the old club itself:

> The psychological power of Parliament is repeatedly demonstrated. It is the judgment of the House of Commons collectively on the merits of a man which determines whether he shall reach the top in politics. Nobody who watches the House can doubt its remarkable capacity to assess character . . . To master its attention is the mark of some quality in a man.

If anything has been learnt from the Wilson-Callaghan years, it is that the exact opposite is the case.

Again the question must be asked: why does a man so wholly out of touch with reality hold a position of some responsibility? How he got the dual Times Newspapers job in the first place is shrouded in mystery, although the most plausible explanation is that William Rees-Mogg wanted to lend a helping hand to his old colleague from the *Financial Times*. But it is staggering that he should still be there a decade later, coming more and more to resemble the journalist described by the poet A. D. Hope:

> When, darkly brooding on this Modern Age,
> The journalist with his marketable woes
> Fills up once more the inevitable page
> Of fatuous, flatulent, Sunday-paper prose . . .

And here, perhaps, is the true explanation of Butt's continued existence: his woes are marketable. Unlike Levin, who has used his employers to increase his personal aggrandisement, Butt has himself been exploited. He may not go down too well at fashionable dinner parties, but his dull, sleep-walking presence does subliminally reinforce the prejudices of another section of the audience. It is the very inevitability of that filled page that is Butt's greatest asset.

Francis Wheen

Next week: Conor Cruise O'Brien

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SPAIN
Julie Flint

Trials postponed, the ordeal continues for women accused of abortion

Risking jail for a backstreet job

IN THE ANDALUCIAN TOWN of Seville, a band of right-wing thugs shouting 'Long live Christ the King' and swinging clubs and chains split open the skull of a young lawyer watching a pro-abortion demonstration. In Madrid, police broke up a peaceful sit-in by women supporting the decriminalisation of abortion, hitting some as they sat on the floor, kicking others in the kidneys and shouting 'Go abort outside, whores'. In Bilbao, as 11 poor women went on trial for having had abortions, a policeman hit the only woman on the defence team as she came out of court, knocking her to the pavement (see right).

Illustrating the level of Spain's current, violent abortion debate, opponents of abortion are waxing lyrical about the 'crime' of the 11 Bilbao women, who aborted in the Franco years and had thought their action buried both by time and politics. 'Of how many artists, writers and lawyers, many of whom might have gained fame, have you deprived us?' the Conservative daily ABC asked them.

The Bilbao women, like a similar but less publicised group of nine in Madrid, have less chance than most of raising famous sons. All come from Basauri, a polluted, teeming suburb of Bilbao surrounded by the depressed shipyards, steel mills and chemical plants of the Basque country's biggest city, and all of them live scratch existences. To end pregnancies they could not afford, and could not avoid, nine of the 11 paid from £5 to £35 for soap, alcohol and water douches, a cup of coffee and a couple of aspirin. The majority had asked the state-run health service for the birth control pill, which was then illegal in Spain, and had been turned unsympathetically away. One doctor told one of the women he had nine children because God wanted it that way. 'How', she asks now, 'could I reason with this doctor who kept his nine children comfortably, when my family could barely survive with our three?'

The tenth woman on trial in Bilbao (42 but looking 20 years older) faces 60 years behind bars for performing the abortions, which she says she did because 'it takes a lot of guts to look at all these snotty-nosed, hungry kids'. Her daughter, a meningitis victim, faces a possible 54 years for handing out the coffee and aspirins, with an additional 12 months for having aborted herself. The nine who aborted risk six months each.

Although much has been made in recent weeks of possible extension of the abortion law to those who abort abroad — thus catching the middle classes who can afford London clinics as well as the working classes who can afford only Spanish back streets — the reality will remain the same. Spaniards who have abortions in London (the only city for which statistics are available, recording 13,000 last year) are not in danger of jail.Those who can afford only backstreet jobs (500,000 last year) risk six months to six years in jail — and, more importantly, death or permanent damage for some 50,000 of them.

The lawyers defending the Bilbao 11 have no idea when the trial, postponed *sine die* last month after one of the women failed to appear in court, will be rescheduled — if it ever is. The feminist organisations which

AP

brought the case to public attention, setting in motion the biggest social protest in years, are claiming the postponement as a political victory. But the 11 women, who have no desire to be heroines, wish only that the whole business could be brought to an end.

The nightmare began for them 40 months ago when police knocked at their doors, on an unidentified tip-off, and, having confirmed the abortion reports, threw them in jail. On their release some days later, the women were told to report to the police twice a month until called to trial. All have been criticised and insulted by neighbours and friends. Despite the support their case has whipped up, Spain is not generally sympathetic to abortion. Polls show that a big majority wants divorce legalised, but only one in five wants abortion legalised.

Chances of the existing Francoist legislation being altered in the near, or even not-so-near, future are extremely slim. Anti-abortion parties hold an automatic majority in Parliament and show no sign of giving an inch. The Socialist Party, Spain's strongest opposition party, favours only limited abortion, leaving the Communist Party as the only major party supporting a liberal abortion lawm

The government of Premier Adolfo Suarez, a firm opponent of legalised abortion, is doing next to nothing to mend the damage of the Franco years, when prizes were given annually for the largest families. In December last year, it seemed to be breaking new ground when it opened a network of 19 family planning centres – limited in what they could do, but nevertheless an improvement on nothing. But after months of complaints that the new centres were receiving neither supplies nor salaries, the Madrid centre, located in the working class suburb of Vallecas, closed its doors this week – just 11 months after opening. 'None of us here have ever seen a contract,' the Vallecas director said in announcing the closure. 'We haven't received a cent for our work and have only been able to help those in serious need, because we haven't been given the necessary supplies.'

All our tomorrows: PART 3.

Tonight TV EYE tackles another issue that will shape Britain in the 1980's: NUCLEAR POWERED BRITAIN.

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London Diary

☐ One naturally shared the general outrage at seeing an envoy of his holiness the Pope being 'jostled' by a group of what were, after all, Iranians. What can be expected, apart from discourtesy and fanaticism, of a country which repudiates intervention treaties with the USA and the USSR in the same week? This lamentable ignorance of the rules of the modern game will no doubt bring some frightful punishment upon Iran before long. Religious intolerance is very easy to identify when it occurs in other cultures; I have no doubt that when a bearded Ayatollah appears to mediate in the Ulster pogrom he will be received with all the traditional warmth and ecumenicism that the province can muster.

In one way at least, the news from Iran is not all that discouraging. Now that all the secular and modern political forces have been driven to resign from the government, so that there is not even a figleaf of democratic rule, the clerics will have nobody to blame for what happens next. Xenophobia and public floggings will only work up to a point as a distraction – as any student of eighteenth-century England will remember. Sooner or later the realities must obtrude, and it will be fascinating to see whether the holy men can hack it. Iran is going through 1905 rather than 1917. Father Gapon would have made a bloody awful provisional government.

☐ Another absorbing feature in the siege of 'Henderson High' (so called because the ambassador Henderson who built it made it look like a typical high school) is the role of the PLO. This is not by any means the first time that they have been cast as mediators in international quarrels. Practically every feud between Arab states has involved a request for the good offices of Arafat or his lieutenants – and recently he was even consulted about relations between Turkey and Cyprus. Outside the Middle East sphere, few people have any idea of the tremendous prestige which this 'terrorist' organisation enjoys at state and street level. Putting it another way, in 1979 their delegations were received officially by the governments of Italy, Spain, Portugal, Austria and Turkey – with France to follow before long. And their activists were warmly welcomed by the revolutionaries in Iran and Nicaragua. Last month in Washington there was a meeting between Palestinians and Israeli MPs and academics – unthinkable two years ago. This is all very satisfying for those of us who were sympathetic to the Palestinians *before* the oil embargo came up.

☐ I recently had an experience of pulverising boredom followed by sudden relief. Stuck on a train with a copy of *Now!* magazine, and with nothing else to read, I was compelled to turn its lavish pages. It was no surprise to read a story about Rhodesia which claimed that the Patriotic Front was largely in the thrall of a Marxist nun (though since the dateline was Salisbury it was hard to see where the information had come from). The surprise came in the byline, which announced the writer of this garbage to be Chris Reynolds. Could it be, I mused, that this was the same Chris Reynolds who had been so cheerfully unhelpful in the Rhodesian Ministry of Information when I saw him last August? A telephone call to *Now!* confirmed that it was indeed the same man. Apparently he's quit his old job. Would you say this was the perfect moment to be signing up recycled government propagandists to cover Rhodesia? I thought *Now!* magazine was rich.

☐ Sorry to go on about the media, but the 'welcome back' number of *The Times* was a real collectors' item. On the front page, some lousy grammar ('During the suspension much thought was given to ways of improving the paper, and this we hope to do in the coming months.'). On the back page, some touching advertising ('Hampton and Sons and *The Times* – Together we promote property. WELCOME BACK'.). Then, inside, a memory-lane mixture (drivelling column from Levin, archaic and insufferably pompous letter from Lord Goodman). It was, as every bore in the world was saying, as if they had never been away. Best of all was the leader, foamingly entitled 'The Sparks are falling on the gunpowder' (Eh?). This contained the intelligence that 'no one could do more than Sir Michael Edwardes' and the claim that 'on *The Times* we have at least been willing to live our beliefs.' Up to a point, Lord Thomson. Up to a point.

☐ I pass on the following. A Labour MP friend of mine was lately invited to dinner by a Treasury civil servant. Most of the company were in the same line of business, so there was a certain amount of 'shop'. My comrade heard repeated reference being made to something called 'the London-Bath ellipse'. As a layman in these matters, he was forced to inquire its meaning. Well, they said, if you take a map of the country and draw an ellipse on it with the foci at London and Bath, your policy options are simplified immensely. Within that ellipse, do *not* build any prisons, runway extensions, nuclear waste dumps, mental homes or other inconvenient things. For the poor sods living outside, anything seems to go – set fire to their ties, help yourself to their malt whiskey, maltreat their pets, make free with their wives. It makes the two nations business absolute child's play – and it's much more elegant and satisfying than the old North-South cliche, because 'the South' does include a lot of unfashionable Celts and people when you stop to think about it.

☐ A modest proposal. With a man like William Whitelaw at the Home Office, and with the current state of a) our prisons b) our police force c) our immigration authorities and d) our proposed laws governing what citizens may not read and know, is it not time to change the title of this department? 'Minister of the Interior' has, I submit, the right ring to it. If a politician starts to delude himself that he has the right to tell you who you can marry, and the right to invigilate what you can say or read, then the cuddly and furry designation of 'Home Secretary' is no longer appropriate. 'Minister of the Interior'. I like it more and more.

☐ Sometimes, indeed, the Ministry of the Interior seems to be positively breathing down our necks. I was told by a parent this week that her child had been given the day off from a famous London school, in order to go and wave flags at the visiting President of Indonesia (a small tithe of whose crimes we reported last week). Apparently there is a rota for this kind of thing, with schools taking it in turn to welcome this despot or that client. Imagine how it could work in the 'wrong' hands. Turning out Brixton or Stockwell playgrounds for Vorster; bussing Harrow for Ceaucescu – it warms up the imagination. But in the meantime, the whole idea should be scrapped. These people can get compulsory enthusiasm at home – at least for now.

☐ 'Just as Little Russia submitted to serfdom in the eighteenth century, so in the end the whole of Russia came to believe that men could be sold and re-sold and no one, not even those who were being sold, ever asked on what legal basis this was done. With us authority feels freer, more self-confident than in Turkey or Persia, nothing restrains it, no past of any kind; it has repudiated its own past and is not concerned with that of Europe. It has no respect for national principles, it knows no universal culture, and it fights against the present.'

Not the Ayatollah Solzhenitsyn, but Alexander Herzen writing 'from the other shore' after 1848. I'm reminded of it by Andrei Sinyavsky's interview in the *New York Review of Books*, in which he strongly attacks Solzhenitsyn for peddling chauvinist and superstitious ideas from the Russian past. Some Westerners are inhibited about criticising Solzhenitsyn because of their sense of proportion – Sinyavsky at any rate cannot be accused of armchair commitment.

☐ It always struck me as odd that the Labour MPs most opposed to reselection did absolutely nothing to help Eddie Milne when he was being victimised in his seat at Blyth – whereas we inhabitants of the bedsit Gulag expended pints of ink in his defence. Eddie was and is a decent socialist surrounded by a swamp of MPs from the Callaghan Right. He was replaced by one John Ryman, whose tenure of the seat has been wholly undistinguished except for some interesting libel cases. I'm amused to see that Ryman has dropped one of his actions – against a journalist who alleged electoral misconduct in the October 1974 polls (which narrowly gave him the seat). Since the journalist's defence had been one of 'justification', perhaps one is entitled to feel a glow of some kind.

Christopher Hitchens

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Mr Nicholas Fairbairn, Scotland's Solicitor-General, attacked Britain's press and television yesterday for promoting crime by their reporting of it. He claimed prison riots and terrorism would not occur if they received no publicity. – *Daily Telegraph* (M. B. Wrigley)

☐ The British Railways Board, when told of the incident by the *Observer*, said that the make-believe saboteurs had 'a perfect right' to be on the platform as long as they had bought a ticket. It was not the job of British Rail staff to apprehend people carrying rocket-launchers. – *Observer* (C. Ligota)

☐ A deal worth thousands of pounds supplying portraits of the Ayatollah Khomeini to Iran has been landed by E. F. Taylor of Bedford, a printing firm. Previously, the company supplied engraved portraits of the now deposed Shah and his wife to Iran. – *Daily Telegraph* (Gregory Tessar)

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

Stars and pod-people

From Phillip Drummond, Lecturer in Film

John Coleman's review of books on film stars (NS 26 October) reveals, on the one hand, that he enjoys a good read, can spot a duff line, and can spell stars' names better than some proof-readers. On the other hand, and much more important, the column exposes him as ill-informed, bigoted, abusive, and – for Coleman perhaps the unkindest cut of all – unfunny. But then, in response to a critic who is happy to deride those with whom he disagrees as 'pods', 'pod-people', and 'possessed sectarians', these are at least human strictures. Though Coleman's vehemence tells the reader a great deal more about the critic than his subject-matter, the main points of his invective – against Richard Dyer's book *Stars;* against the growth of higher education in film studies; against the British Film Institute's Educational Advisory Service; and against the Society for Education in Film and Television's journal *Screen* – are too wilful to leave uncontested. Coleman's review, remarkable even by the standards of commercial film journalism, is especially disappointing when compared to the quality of most other NS columns. Those with a serious interest in the cinema can only eagerly await the time when the NS finds it possible to rectify this conspicuous anomaly by fuller, more temperate, and more intelligent consideration of the central issue so poorly served by its current writer on the subject.

University of London Institute of Education

From Malcolm Allen, East Midlands Arts

The transformation of the pages of the NEW STATESMAN into an enlivening and vigorous radical journal has been one of the happier recent events in British journalism. One has likewise appreciated the high calibre of the review columns that have resulted from David Caute's appointment as Literary Editor.

It does make for an extremely vexing Friday morning, however, when one is forced to turn from the high quality of most of your columns to the abrasive, tinny and harsh tones of John Coleman's film reviews. Failing to have mastered a difficult tradition of English polemical writing, he substitutes for it an hysterical, bigoted and unintelligent form of prose which tells you all but nothing about the subject in hand.

As someone working for a greater seriousness to be attached to both film and television, I profoundly regret that this area is served so poorly in the pages of such a journal. Coleman's recent attack on Richard Dyer's book *Stars* included within it a monstrous invective against film studies in higher education ('students of film being indoctrinated . . . by emissaries working out of the BFI'). This attack, while exhibiting an uncommon degree of empty-headedness, displays an unwarranted viciousness that cannot be left unchallenged.

It is particularly disconcerting at a time when the current climate is not conducive to academic work on film. One can only hope that in the not too distant future readers of NEW STATESMAN will be able to enjoy a more thoughtful and considered style of writing about cinema in place of the sorrowful prose we presently have to endure.

Mountfields House, Forest Road, Loughborough

Up in smoke

From Charles Grieve, General Secretary, Tobacco Workers' Union

I was out of the country when Christopher Hird's article on the Imperial bid for Howard Johnson appeared (NS 19 October). May I clear up some facts. The TWU *is* deeply concerned at the bid for Howard Johnson, and has made its views known to Imperial management. We hope it fails. But the reality is, of course, that trade unions are never consulted on such issues, and if the movement could not force a Labour government to control and direct investment (as proposed in a TUC composite in 1977 which incorporated a motion from the TWU), the chances of success under a Tory government which has just lifted all control on the export of capital is small.

I am puzzled, if not a little flattered for my union, that Mr Hird should single out the Tobacco Workers' Union to take sole responsibility for an attack on Imperial's overseas expansion. Though my union organises the great majority of tobacco workers, it is a minority union within the Group as a whole. Imperial's other activities include brewing, food processing, trawling, retailing, paper making etc, etc. Out of 87,000 UK employees of Imperial there are just 12,000 tobacco workers.

Finally, I'm curious as to where Mr Hird gets the idea that my members 'are wont to troop to London each time tobacco tax is increased' – it's news to me. And I do object to his inference that the union is only concerned with smoking issues. It is, of course, true that I went to the rostrum at this year's TUC and Labour Party conferences to oppose bans on smoking during conference proceedings — vocalising an opposition felt in both cases by about half the delegates. But it is also the case, at the TUC, that I was back at the rostrum moving opposition to the Corrie Bill, and in the debate on the structure of the General Council. Far from being an insular union the Tobacco Workers' Union has, for a small union, a record for moving progressive policies which puts many much larger unions to shame. In the past few years alone Tobacco Workers' Union motions to Congress have made or shaped TUC policy on such issues as the Special Branch and SPG, pre-school care (1978); adult literacy, recognition by British owned companies of black trade unions in South Africa (1977); unemployment and the economy, racialism, Argentina, an embargo on arms and investment in South Africa (1976); abortion rights, tax evasion (1975). That's not, I would suggest, a bad track record for a union with just 20,000 members and I would have thought that someone with Christopher Hird's knowledge and experience might have been aware of it.

9 Station Parade, London E11

Heaney's oysters

From Blake Morrison

May I correct two mistakes in my review (NS 9 November) of Seamus Heaney's *Field Work?* Oysters aren't like bivalves, they *are* bivalves (any metaphoric associations are secondary). And the reference to Dante's *Inferno* should have been to cantos, of course, not 'books'.

Times Literary Supplement, New Printing House Square, London WC1

Devastation in Cambodia

From C. R. Hensman

As I may be mistaken for the person so cleverly ridiculed by Francis Wheen (London Diary, 28 October), please allow me to say that unlike my namesake my main interest in Southeast Asia is in the Vietnamese aggression against and occupation of a large part of Kampuchea, and in the quisling regime in Phnom Penh. Instead of forming a Pol Pot fan club he should be joining the broadbased British Kampuchea Support Campaign now being organised. Its aim is to support the Kampuchean people and *their* leaders in their resistance to invading forces who are causing unspeakable devastation and suffering, in defending the territorial integrity and independence of their country, in eradicating poverty and starvation, and in determining their own future.

Not only should everything possible be done to save the great Kampuchean people and Kampuchean society from being annihilated economically, physically and culturally by a predatory neighbour, but the morality condoning and celebrating military conquest and the rule of one nation by another should also be exposed. As for the gullibility of some people, I agree with Mr Wheen. One must take account of ignorance, venality, prejudice and stupidity as factors in the reporting of distant and politically controversial events, and also of the fact that photograph captions, headlines and film commentaries can and often do lie. Only what is true can be just. One can never swear in the face of facts that Le Duan and Giap are kind old gentlemen who will never practise genocide against both their ethnic minorities and Kampucheans.

Unlike my namesake, I am not an officer of SACU.

31 Millington House, Stoke Newington Church Street, London N16

In tune with everyone

From John Whitney, managing director of Capital Radio

It has always been our policy to open our doors to radio stations all over the world. We do so in the belief that our broadcasting expertise will help others and the hope that some of that social awareness (to which Duncan Campbell referred, NS 12 October) will rub off on others.

The list is long, but stations in Nigeria, Japan, Ghana, Brazil, Australia and Germany (and the People's Republic of China who are visiting us at the end of this month) are among the many countries which have sent representatives to us to see how we work. Transkei was merely one more. Hospitality does not imply approval of their policies, nor, we hope, will what they see here at Capital inspire them all to name their stations after us, copy our logo and employ some of the best members of our staff. It only goes to create confusion in the minds of people like NS writers!

Euston Tower, London NW1

The ILEA's hara-kiri

From Rick Rogers

The proposal for a 9 p.m. guillotine on ILEA school governors' meetings (NS 9 November) would, of course, *reduce* the level of participation in London's educational affairs. The cash saved would be minimal – an estimated £30,000 a year.

Gt Turnstile, London WC1

A quango replies

From Lionel Morrison, Principal Information Officer of the Commission for Racial Equality

It would be pleasant and certainly helpful if the NEW STATESMAN published the sort of critical article on our work which would occasion a serious reply. Instead we have to waste our time answering a collection of garbled titbits (NS 2 November) which anyone with a little industry and care could have seen to be nonsense.

We were concerned that Michael Brown MP had made an attack on Scunthorpe CRC, and David Lane made clear to him that we did not believe that the CRC had acted improperly. No mention was made of 'an investigation into the CRCs'.

In Bradford an impression had been given that the Commission had formally decided that the local authority's dispersal policy was unlawful and that in certain circumstances it would conduct a formal investigation. That was not the case, and the local authority issued a press statement to this effect. The account given in the press statement was correct, and the Commission rightly acknowledged this.

Last year's annual report from Walsall CRC contained a reference to the Conservative Party which seemed to us to be clearly party political, and we have taken the matter up with the Chairman of the CRC. We have not 'threatened to withdraw funding' from the local CRC. In fact we went to great lengths two years ago to defend the CRC when the local authority threatened to withdraw funding.

Our 'White Paper', you have omitted to say, was preceded by a long period of consultation with no commitment by the CRE to any particular position. We have now set out the principles that we intend to follow, and after detailed discussions with bodies like NACRC and the CROs' trade union we shall produce our final policy paper.

Elliot House, 10-12 Allington Street, London SW1

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

Waste lands

As readers of this page, sadly noting, and with a head shake, this or that recurrent manifestation of the writer's personality (a thin thing at the best of times and apt to be, in the long run, as insubstantial as either gossamer or ectoplasm, whatever that may be and rather disgusting as it sounds) will have long since realised, I am dead nuts on Americans. I first met them in bulk and en masse in 1942 when they started to arrive in Northern Ireland, a theatre of war where I, dressed as a somewhat charade-like Captain in the Intelligence Corps, and others had been since 1940 stationed with orders to repel any attempted landing by old Jerry in the South. Information as to how old Jerry was going to transport and maintain a large enough force across the vast and unfriendly seas was not vouchsafed us for the simple reason that there was no information. And shade our eyes as we might across the briny, never a sign of old Jerry (rather busy in Russia and elsewhere) did we see. I was happy to be in the Intelligence Corps where it was alleged that 'your languages' would come in handy, and I could certainly have said 'Go away!' to an invading enemy in either German or French, but as a Corps its merits did not at first, I regret to say, rank very highly with combative troops, blooded in action. The Intelligence Corps badge represented a small flower (I never did know which or what or why, nestling against a background of foliage) and it was widely known, I am sorry to have to tell you, as 'a pansy resting on its laurels.' One shrugged off the cheap insult.

It is possible that I may have mentioned before the fact that when the first boatloads of Americans arrived in Belfast, the kindly Irish got out some old and festive bunting by way of welcome and our gallant rescuing cousins from across the pond strode down the gangways and came ashore beneath string upon string of fluttering flags of all nations, among which the Rising Sun was especially prominent. No matter. Too polite to object, the Americans' characters were as open and honest and agreeable as their faces. In due course, I met many dozens of them and, fully integrated, we worked together, in England and Europe, for three years. It was for me an entirely happy experience. I found them in every way generous. I have since then gone on contentedly meeting Americans. They are an excellent race. Those who think otherwise should just pause and consider where we should all of us be without them (chat about it, amongst yourselves, down the salt mines).

Only in one connection do I get ratty with them. They are one and all extremely wicked about wasting food. With one's perceptions sharpened by the privations that people on the wartime home front endured in the field of comestibles (toothsome Woolton pie and swede cutlets, and not much of either), one was appalled to see that no American ever finished what he had allowed to be put (one can always say 'less, please' or, as in books on etiquette, 'thank you,' I have a sufficiency') upon his plate. Mounds of meat and tons of spuds were messed about and shoved aside. I have seen cigarettes stubbed out in the mangled remains of a tasty quiche, and although this extraordinary and nationwide lapse was most distressing during a war and in a largely starving world, it is just as unacceptable in peace. For they are still at it. Travelling in America, one still sees a shattering waste (those vast blue oval plates with far too much on them). And when in England, not even their admirable good manners save them. I have found myself having to apologise to waiters ('Mr and Mrs Wanamaker adored their fish but they both have these little tummy upsets') when my guests' two exquisitely grilled soles have been a quarter eaten.

These thoughts were prompted, and various dietary memories stirred by an unfortunate incident this very morning. I am at the moment away from 'Myrtlebank' and having a short holiday in Cornwall. Loving hotels with a passion second only to that of my deep emotional feeling for musical comedies of the 1920s and 30s, I always find it difficult to decide where to take myself and my luggage, and on the subject of luggage let me just say that the coloured magazine advertisements' insidious attempts to make me feel small if I don't have at least three matching suitcases 'in handsomely tooled leatherette' have failed. My two canvas bags accompany me everywhere and are as loosely held together as myself. Before setting off, I always consult the best of my wide range of hotel guides, liking to know just where I shall be ('The cosy TV room adjoins the Regency snack bar') and what is what ('There is a special kiddies playground behind the putting green'). I especially like those guides that tell you of happy happenings upon the author's last visit to the establishment: 'As we sipped our aperitifs in the tastefully appointed cocktail lounge, we were joined by Mine Host, the genial Major E.J.B. d'Arcy Bellingham and his cheery wife, Shirleen, who advised us on no account to miss, at dinner, the chef's speciality, *goujons de merluche*, washed down by a chilled St Bernard 1963 (Good for you, Belly. They were both spot on!)'.

Luck was indeed with me in my choice, and I do not only mean an absence of Belly and Shirleen types, though an enormously efficient management lurked. A charming bedroom looked out over a beautifully terraced garden (two dedicated gardeners violently at work) and a richly wooded valley running down to the sea. No TV lounge but my very own coloured set for, with 'Crossroads' only recently restored to our screens, one would not wish to miss a single sparkling episode (things at the Motel are every bit as dicey as one had feared and the winter advance bookings seem minimal). One's bed got turned down at night, now a rare occurance, and one's shoes, when put out, got cleaned (rarer still). It was service with a smile all round. Facilities existed for keeping telephonically in touch with the outside world without having to go through the hotel switchboard, an activity that can ('Melinda's gone to her supper') be thwarting. Food of great variety and deliciousness at every meal. After dinner coffee *ad lib* (no dreary counting of cupfuls) and the run of one's teeth, if I may so phrase it with so few of my resident molars left to me, with the After Eights (and how many hotels supply bonbons free?).

The unhappy incident to which I have referred took place after breakfast. Leaving my table, with a gracious thank-you to the impeccable waitress, and orange juice (fresh), Rice Krispies, grilled kipper, toast, marmalade and coffee circulating digestively within me, I passed a table where I had seen a slightly un-English-looking mother and father and two teenage children recently breakfasting. A scene of truly appalling devestation greeted my troubled and cross (in the sense of angry) eyes. The family had all plainly ordered bacon and sausages and egg for there, barely touched and pulled about and mucked up, were the terrifying remains. The hotel supplied, in addition to toast, homebaked and delightfully hot bread rolls. Battered rolls were everywhere. Saucers were full of slopped-over coffee. There was cigarette ash in the orange juice. Marmalade dribbled down the side of the pot. A shaming and repellent spectacle. Americans, obviously.

I passed, on my way out of the dining-room, the head waiter, lost in thought. In case his mind had already leapt ahead to lunch and he was wondering whether we would notice that today's savoury rissoles were last night's veal, I drew his attention to the battleground scene at Table No. 5. I tut-tutted over the bacon and clucked disapprovingly over the sausages, and all this by way of showing sympathy for the hotel servants. I threw in a word or two, popular in nursery days, about the starving Chinese, grateful even for crumbs. And I said how sadly typical it was of the otherwise faultless American race. 'Americans? I don't understand. The family at this table comes from Manchester. They come twice a year and we're all very fond of them. And now, if you'll excuse me . . .'. Collapse of old buffer, but how distressing to discover, and I've seen evidence of it elsewhere, that we are now too, evidently, 'into' disgraceful wastefulness.

Roger Woddis

Who's panicking?

President Carter was not told beforehand of the computer error which alerted US defence forces to meet a Soviet nuclear attack.

OK, it almost happened.
But almost isn't quite,
So don't go crying 'Havoc!'
Or prepare to die of fright.

As the guys are always saying
Down in Colorado Springs,
It was one of those mechanical
Or all-too-human things.

As for the White House wonder,
It only goes to show
That presidents and husbands
Are always the last to know.

But it didn't happen, did it?
So sleep soundly in your bed:
No city turned to ashes,
And no citizen is dead.

We shall not walk in terror,
We shall not heed the cranks.
This time they found the error:
For this relief much thanks.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Alex Callinicos

Simply a Matter of Time?

Leon Trotsky on France *Monad Press* £7.20 and £2.30
Trotsky's Marxism by DUNCAN HALLAS *Pluto Press* £2.95
Trotsky by ERNEST MANDEL *New Left Books* £8.00 & £2.95
Revolutionary Marxism Today by ERNEST MANDEL *New Left Books* £10.50 & £4.75
The Tragedy of Leon Trotsky by RONALD SEGAL *Hutchinson* £12.50
The Fourth International by PIERRE FRANK *Ink Links* £6.00 & £3.50

The paradox of Trotsky's career is well-known. With Lenin the chief architect of the Soviet state, he was also that state's most famous victim. Yet without Trotsky's theory of permanent revolution bolshevism was incomplete. Lenin's long and intransigent struggle to build a workers' party was based on the belief that the working class would play the leading role in the Russian revolution. However, this belief was formulated in terms of the theory of the 'revolutionary/democratic dictatorship of the proletariat and peasantry', according to which the revolutionary process would stop half-way, at the destruction of the tsarist autocracy, well short of the decisive battle to expropriate the capitalist class.

Trotsky showed in a brilliant essay, *Results and Prospects*, penned shortly after he had at the age of 26 led the St Petersburg soviet in the revolution of 1905, that this theory would not do. While agreeing with Lenin that the Russian bourgeoisie was too weak and too closely integrated into the state and western capital to overthrow tsarism, Trotsky argued that a revolution led by the working class could result only in either the dictatorship of the proletariat (supported by the mass of the peasantry) or a serious defeat for both workers and peasants.

It was this basic reality which Lenin grasped in 1917: the revolution could not stop short at the stage reached in February – a coalition of the liberal bourgeoisie and the moderate socialists backed by British and French imperialism. To succeed even in the 'bourgeois-democratic' task of expropriating the landowners and thus extirpating the social foundations of Russian absolutism, the working class had to seize power. The October revolution was the confirmation of the theory Trotsky had elaborated a decade earlier.

Until 1917, however, Trotsky denied himself the indispensable instrument for the application of his theory – the bolshevik party. He strenuously opposed Lenin's single-minded efforts to build a centralised revolutionary party geared to intervention in workers' everyday struggles, even though the independent political action of the working class, on which the theory of permanent revolution hinged, required the existence of such a party. Without the party that Lenin had built the theory of permanent revolution would have remained, despite all Trotsky's gifts as a leader of the masses, a purely intellectual construction lacking the mechanism – the organisation of trained revolutionaries – capable of putting it into practice. Trotsky grasped this only very late in the day, in the course of the 1917 revolution. But thereafter he never abandoned the insight. Their shared commitment to the independent political action of the working class underlies both Lenin's and Trotsky's thought, despite their estrangement after the 1903 split in the Russian Social-Democratic Labour Party and despite their episodic divergences even after 1917. Ronald Segal's incom-

prehension of what united Lenin and Trotsky, his constant attempts, often in defiance of the facts, to set off Trotsky the idealist and humanist from Lenin the grubby conspirator, would be enough to condemn his new biography of Trotsky. It is in any case a work involving no original research (Segal appears to have consulted few, if any, Russian sources and draws heavily on Isaac Deutscher's trilogy). His grasp of Trotsky's thought is slight. An overwritten conclusion ('Trotsky bears witness to the creative force of that essential revolutionary, the integral man') suggests that Trotsky's heirs are not the working class, 'divided by distinctions of prosperity and addicted to hire-purchase hope', but 'the very children of enrichment'. These words surely fit Herbert Marcuse better than they do the man who argued until his death that the working class were humanity's only hope.

The October revolution burst asunder the traditional categories of orthodox marxism. It was a veritable 'revolution against *Capital*', as Gramsci put it – in other words, it challenged the schema drawn up by Karl Kautsky and others of history as a series of modes of production succeeding each other by iron necessity and culminating in the inevitable triumph of socialism. According to the theory of permanent revolution, the development of the capitalist world economy, by combining within individual national states both the archaic and the advanced – in Russia's case both an absolutist monarchy and a highly concentrated industrial working class – made possible socialist revolutions in under-developed countries.

This interlacing of backward and advanced – what Trotsky called the law of uneven and combined development – exacted a cruel revenge on the Soviet state after 1917. The isolation of the bolshevik regime, resulting from the failure of the revolution to spread to the west, left the Communist Party suspended above a working class shattered by civil war and a vast peasantry unsympathetic to socialism. Gradually the Soviet state abandoned the attempt to destroy the capitalist world economy and instead adapted to its laws. The history of Russia in the 1930s is written in 'letters of fire and blood' (as Marx wrote of the development of western capitalism). It is the history of how Soviet workers and peasants were once again subordinated to the dynamic of capital accumulation.

To Trotsky fell the burden and honour of resisting this process, first as an increasingly isolated member of the bolshevik leadership, then, after 1929, in exile, at the head of a new revolutionary movement which in 1938 declared itself the Fourth International, the Communist International having degenerated into an instrument of the Russian foreign office. His writings of these years (for example, the selection of texts forming *Leon Trotsky on France*) represent the most important single attempt to hammer out a strategy for revolution in the advanced capitalist countries, building on the experience of the early Comintern. At their best they are unmatched – a high-point in marxist political theory.

At the same time Trotsky's views on the nature of socialist democracy underwent considerable change. During the civil war he had been prepared to defend the trend towards a bolshevik monopoly of power as an essential feature of any proletarian dictatorship. Thus in 1920-1 he defended, against Lenin's bitter opposition, the view that the trade unions should become mere organs of the Soviet state.

In exile, however, Trotsky came more and more to regard the emergence of the bolshevik autocracy as the undesirable but inevitable consequence of the circumstances in which the revolution found itself. Although he never repudiated actions like the suppression of the Kronstadt rising of 1921 he came to emphasise more and more the direct exercise of working-class power through organs such as Soviets as a crucial feature of any stable socialist regime. *The Revolution Betrayed* envisages a situation in which different parties would compete for a majority within the soviets – a sharp break with the open espousal of one-party dictatorship to be found in earlier writings such as *Terrorism and Communism*.

There is, however, another note in some of Trotsky's writings in exile, which clashes with their clarity and realism. Consider the title of one article, written at the height of the mass strikes of May-June 1936 – 'The French

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Revolution Has Begun!' This note – a tendency greatly to overestimate the immediate possibilities of revolution – becomes increasingly shrill towards the end of Trotsky's life. It is most clearly expressed in the main founding document of the Fourth International – the transitional programme of 1938. The picture painted there is of a capitalist system shattered beyond repair, whose collapse will drive the working class into the arms of the Fourth International. Any obstacles to this process – for example, the fact that the overwhelming majority of the working class were firmly committed to Stalinism or social democracy – would be swept aside: 'the laws of history are stronger than the bureaucratic apparatus'. Trotsky declared in 1938: 'During the next 10 years the programme of the Fourth International will become the guide of millions and these revolutionary millions will know how to storm heaven and earth'.

The same fervent optimism pervaded Trotsky's views on the Soviet Union. Arguing against the idea that the bureaucracy had become a new exploiting class, Trotsky wrote in 1939: 'Might we not place ourselves in a ludicrous position if we affixed to the bonapartist oligarchy the nomenclature of a new ruling class just a few years or a few months prior to its downfall?' The alternative, Trotsky insists again and again, is what Marx called 'the common ruin of the contending classes' – society's reversion to a more primitive and barbaric level of development. Of course, history was to confound Trotsky's prognoses. Capitalism, far from collapsing after the second world war as he had predicted, entered the most sustained boom in its history: world real gross national product rose by 350 per cent between 1948 and 1973. The bureaucratic regime in the USSR emerged from the war vastly strengthened, reproducing itself on a gigantic scale, from the Elbe to the Pacific, in the late 1940s. The adherents of the Fourth International could by 1948 be numbered in hundreds rather than the millions anticipated by Trotsky.

The Fourth International has, however, more or less survived as an organisation. Pierre Frank provides an official version of its fissiparous history, which is dull, complacent and uninformative even by the standards of official histories. The Fourth International's most notable representative is Ernest Mandel, whose introduction to Trotsky has been published simultaneously with a collection of interviews with Mandel on developments since Trotsky's day. They should be read together, since they form a whole – the reaffirmation of orthodox Trotskyism. If Trotsky's expectations of post-war revolution were falsified, Mandel argues, this was simply a matter of time-scale: Trotsky had grasped the 'fundamental trends of development' even if his 'short-term predictions' were wrong.

This is a dubious argument. Do the present difficulties which both western capitalism and the 'bureaucratised workers' states' are at present undergoing, more than 40 years after the Fourth International was launched, really confirm, as Mandel claims they do, Trotsky's prediction that the second world war would lead to international revolution? It is as if Trotsky's theory were a film which, when first shown, was run too fast. Slowed down to the proper speed by Mandel, the film is fine.

The trouble really starts when Mandel tries to fit subsequent historical developments into Trotsky's theory. Thus he claims that 'China 1947-49, Algeria 1954-62, . . . Cuba 1956-62, Angola 1962-76, . . . Mozambique 1973-75' confirm the theory of permanent revolution. He also acknowledges that, according to this theory, 'the historical tasks of the national-bourgeois revolution . . . will be realised if and only if the proletariat is capable of conquering hegemony in the revolutionary process and, supported by the peasantry and other toiling sectors of the population, goes on to establish a workers' state'.

These two statements are inconsistent. In none of the 'revolutionary crises' cited above did the industrial working class 'conquer hegemony' and establish a 'workers' state' in the sense of a state in which workers directly exercise political power. In each case a one-party regime was established which denied the mass of the population effective participation in decision-making. Rather than acknowledge that Trotsky was in this case wrong and that the theory of permanent revolution must be modified in order to account for the post-war colonial revolutions, Mandel clings to orthodoxy. The price is paid by Trotsky himself; reduced to an icon, his theory become formalism unable to come to terms with reality.

Duncan Hallas, by contrast, shows himself willing to re-examine critically the assumptions on which Trotsky's predictions were made, while remaining convinced of the fundamental validity of his thought. Hallas's clear presentation of Trotsky's main ideas, combined with his awareness of their defects, make his book the best introduction to Trotsky's marxism around.

Finally, why bother to read Trotsky today if so many of his main predictions were wrong? Quite simply, because of his lucid defence of the 'lessons of October'. Today Eurocommunism has resuscitated the classical themes of social democracy, above all the idea that the transition to socialism can be affected without a revolution, and a rejection of October 1917 as a model for socialist change in western Europe. Trotsky insisted until his death that socialism required the chief feature of the 1917 revolution – the development of the self-activity of the working class into a new form of state power, based upon socialist democracy. As long as the debate on socialist strategy continues, Trotsky's thought will remain of central relevance.

Among this week's contributors:

JOHN BOWEN is the Chairman of the Writers' Guild Stage Dramatists' Committee.

ALEX CALLINICOS is a junior Research Fellow at St Peter's College Oxford and the editor of *Socialist Review*. He is the author of *Southern Africa after Soweto* and *Althusser's Marxism*.

JAMES CAMPBELL is the editor of the *New Edinburgh Review*.

NICHOLAS SHRIMPTON teaches English at Liverpool University.

ANDREW SAINT is architectural editor of the *Survey of London*, Greater London Council.

PETER CONRAD is the author of *The Victorian Treasure House, Romantic Opera and Literary Form* and *Shandyism*.

R. W. JOHNSON is Fellow in Politics at Magdalen College, Oxford and is the author of *How Long Will South Africa Survive?* (Macmillan).

'The insights reverberate through the mind
. . . thunderously lyrical ' *Guardian*

James Baldwin

JUST ABOVE MY HEAD

'Never has the story of the heroic civil rights movement been more powerfully rendered . . . this is the work of a born storyteller at the height of his powers, a man who, now that he is older and more mature, has truly come into his own.'
Washington Post
608 pages / £6.95
Michael Joseph

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R. W. Johnson

Free Azania

Southern Africa: The Continuing Crisis edited by Gwendolen Carter and Patrick O'Meara *Macmillan* £4.95

One Azania, One Nation: The National Question in South Africa by NO SIZWE *Zed Press* £8.50 & £2.95

Year of Fire, Year of Ash: The Soweto Revolt: Roots of a Revolution? by BARUCH HIRSON *Zed Press* £12.95 & £3.95

The influx of eager foreign analysts and observers into Southern Africa in recent years has produced some notably useful publications but, as the Carter-O'Meara volume (an intended college textbook) illustrates, it has often led to a curious exteriority of view. In this case the hidden sub-title is 'The View from the State Department' – for whom the majority of the 15 contributors have, from time to time, worked. (Only four have lived in South Africa. One of these, a World Bank employee living in Ethiopia, is black.) Some of the contributions are good (Hodges', on Mozambique, is perhaps the best), though most are simply solid and rather bland (Carter's, on South Africa, for example) and some are frankly disappointing (Marcum's, on Angola, adds nothing to his already published and authoritative work; Legum's on international rivalries is distinctly thin). The book's value lies simply in its gathering between two covers of a large body of unoriginal but useful fact. The longest essay is (of course) Karis's on US policy towards the area – an unembarrassed piece of policy prescription by an author who was for years an American Embassy official in Pretoria. Such a tone has been licensed in advance by the editors who write earnestly that Southern Africa is 'an area of great importance not only to the United States and its Western allies, but also to millions of human beings throughout Southern Africa'. It is only with difficulty that one acquits the writers of ironic intent.

No Sizwe's book belongs to another flourishing category of writing on Southern Africa, the genus where the unwritten sub-title is 'South Africa: A Problem in Marxist Theory'. It is a well-read, but rather curious piece of work. The (pseudonymous) author proceeds through an examination of the dominant (Afrikaner Nationalist and liberal) theories of nationhood to the ideas of the 'nation' held by the various movements of radical resistance. All of the latter as well as the former are found wanting, with the possible exception of the Unity Movement (to whose Trotskyite wing the author, an ex-Robben Island prisoner, appears to belong). One waits for the final theoretical setting-to-rights. It never comes. The argument grows progressively more vehement (everything the writer dislikes is cast into that wonderful hold-all, the petty bourgeoisie); the only substantial Marxist work on the matter (Stalin's *Marxism and the National Question*) is finally broached and dismissed; and the book then tails off lamely in a cloud of furious personal assertion. The nation, it turns out, is simply whoever struggles against capitalism and imperialism. For all its multitude of ethnic, linguistic and other divisions South Africa is thus just one nation. Or could be, or ought to be – it's not clear. One is not told how those who do not join the struggle are to be defined, even though they include the group (Afrikaners) with the strongest national consciousness of all. The oppressors, it would seem, are to be as bereft of any claim to nationhood as the proletariat, in the traditional Marxist view, was once thought to be.

Sizwe is right in situating the problem of nationhood at the heart of the South African conundrum, but all he has served up is a theoretical mish-mash. He concludes triumphantly, that 'to the extent that property relations are radically restructured the question of the nation is resolved in principle. This is the infallible conclusion to which my investigation . . . leads me'. There is, again, no trace of irony in this proclamation of papal certainty. Sizwe writes like this because to him theory alone is real. In that sense his view, too, is an exterior one – a strange achievement for a black ex-detainee.

Baruch Hirson's *Year of Fire, Year of Ash* is by far the best book of the three. Hirson is also a Marxist and he too is writing in exile about a country in which his last 10 years were spent in prison. He writes, though, with an impressive feel for the situation on the ground and with the general sureness of touch which betokens a true insider. As an account of the Soweto events, their background in the history of Bantu Education and of the resistance movements, and their (shadowy) relationship to the Black Consciousness movement his book ranks at least equal to Kane-Berman's *South Africa: The Method in the Madness*. In most respects, indeed, Hirson's account is more complete than Kane-Berman's, including notably useful analyses of the strike waves of the early 1970s and the good half of the 'Soweto events' which took place not in Soweto but in the Cape. He has performed an immense and invaluable labour in assembling and organising information drawn from a vast array of documentary, newspaper and unpublished sources.

Hirson's book is so rewarding and so richly informative that one turns with some reluctance to confront the rather more questionable assumptions which lie behind its argument. Hirson continually urges the centrality of the black working class to all political action in South Africa and chides the Soweto student leadership for being the rather thoughtless tail attempting to wag the real dog. One does not have to disagree with such criticisms to regard the future of the black working class as a fairly open question. Its assumption of the leadership of an urban mass struggle is only one of the options open to it and perhaps not the most likely one at that. It would, from Hirson's account, be quite difficult to guess that even radical union activists admit quite openly that the strikes of the Soweto period were possible only through large-scale intimidation of workers – given the lack of a powerful union organisation, the only means by which 100 per cent stay-at-homes *could* be achieved. Other 'reactionary' facts are also missing. One would also not know from him that Soweto is a town where the buying and selling of sacrificial chickens is big business, where soccer mania rules, where tens of thousands are car owners, where DIY home improvement is all the rage amongst a labour aristocracy in process of visible emergence, where the Christian churches are strong and where the best-organised political movement on the ground is probably Buthelezi's (moderate) Inkatha movement. One would not even guess that Inkatha (which Hirson abhors) enjoys a symbiotic relationship with the ANC (which he supports).

Anyone as well informed as Hirson knows all this. Hirson, for all his class analysis, is, like most South African Marxists, really just a liberal idealist in disguise, wishfully maintaining positions of principle against the facts by simple voluntarism. One wonders whether he truly believes his own conclusions. He never quite says whether or not Soweto *was* the 'roots of a revolution', but he does commit himself to the view that the events 'marked the end of undisputed white rule'. Really, Mr Hirson? *Really*?

John Rewald

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James Campbell

Sweet Memory

Just Above My Head by JAMES BALDWIN
Michael Joseph £6.95

In an interview with the *New York Times* recently, James Baldwin said, 'If there is no moral question, there is no reason to write.' Such a statement Baldwin is entitled to make, since no one would dispute that, whatever faults his writing may have, his concerns have always been passionately moral. This is most prominent in his essays, where his remarkably articulate opinions have free rein, but his novels too have been intended to expose the frailty of the human heart in the hope of strengthening it.

It is by now a critical commonplace that Baldwin is an essayist of genius and a novelist of some note, and the defects inherent in all his novels are also in his new one: some flat characters too neatly divided into goodies and baddies; no plot (and 597 pages create a long passage through which to sustain a novel by dialogue and anecdote); rhetorical passages, superb in themselves, which belong not to the narrator but to James Baldwin. Without ignoring these faults, however, *Just Above My Head* can truly be called magnificent in its conception. It returns to the religious theme of *Go Tell It On The Mountain*, also having the possibility of redemption at its core; but the author is a quarter of a century older, and whereas his first book was chiefly concerned to witness the experience, and within it the quest for identity, of one black man, *Just Above My Head* moves the question into the broader and altogether more dangerous arena of history and the treachery of the individual memory. If one's memory is not to be trusted, how does one prepare to face one's experience?

> The burden of memory is to clarify the event, to make it . . . bearable. But memory is, also, what the imagination makes, or has made, of the event, and, the more dreadful the event, the more likely it is that memory will distort, or efface it.

The novel's main character is Arthur Montana, a black gospel singer who becomes famous, has several homosexual liaisons, grows older and eventually crashes and dies, lonely, in a London bar. The story is told in the form of recollections by Arthur's elder brother, Hall, who is married with children but who has had an affair, by now a deep friendship, with Julia Miller. Julia was a child preacher ('a holy freak-show') delivering sermons she could not understand, later to become a whore, later still the mistress of an African chief, finally saving herself because 'I found something out about love'. The gospel quartet which Arthur leads makes tours of the South which are described by Hall to include many incidents of segregation in practice, climaxing in the abrupt, unexplained, and undoubtedly violent, disappearance of one of the group's members. The occupations of Julia and Arthur provide Baldwin with the opportunity to serve up great helpings of evangelical rhetoric, in the form of Julia's sermons, and of gospel songs. The latter are usually set in relief from the main text and are accompanied line by line by a commentary from Hall on the emotional and historical meaning which this music has for American blacks.

Baldwin has elsewhere described himself as a 'bastard of the West', a member of a race deprived of its parentage and its history; deprived, even, of a vocabulary in which to compose a history. Apart from a few autobiographies, no self-written history of American blacks exists; except – and herein lies the grandeur of this novel's conception – black music. Jazz, blues, gospel constitute the vocabulary in which black history is written. It is a form of memory which outwits the white 'nightmare called history': 'Music don't begin like a song . . . Music can get to *be* a song, but it starts with a cry. It might be the cry of a man when they put the knife to his balls . . . People spend their whole lives trying to drown out that sound.' And: 'When a nigger quotes the gospel he is not quoting: he is telling you what happened to him today.'

In Baldwin's morality, nothing is more dangerous than a delusion, for until one has confessed to it there is no possibility of advancing beyond it. While Hall struggles to retell the life stories of Julia, Arthur and himself, therefore, he is ever prepared to admit to the unintentioned distortion: 'Memory does not serve me.' Hence the necessity for a second 'voice' in the novel. Gospel is, in effect, an alternative, if highly abstract, narrative: the narrative of an experience which began 'on the auction block'.

Since his essay on the Sixties, the underrated *No Name in the Street*, Baldwin has returned again and again to the theme of history and the ways in which the West has permitted itself to be fooled into a sense of greatness – a sense which ignores, he insists, its obscene adventures such as slavery and imperialism. Like Charlie Parker and Billie Holiday perhaps, Arthur Montana is a victim of the white kingdom which he does not survive. But he has his revenge; like James Baldwin – who has survived – it is to achieve 'a power which outlasts kingdoms'.

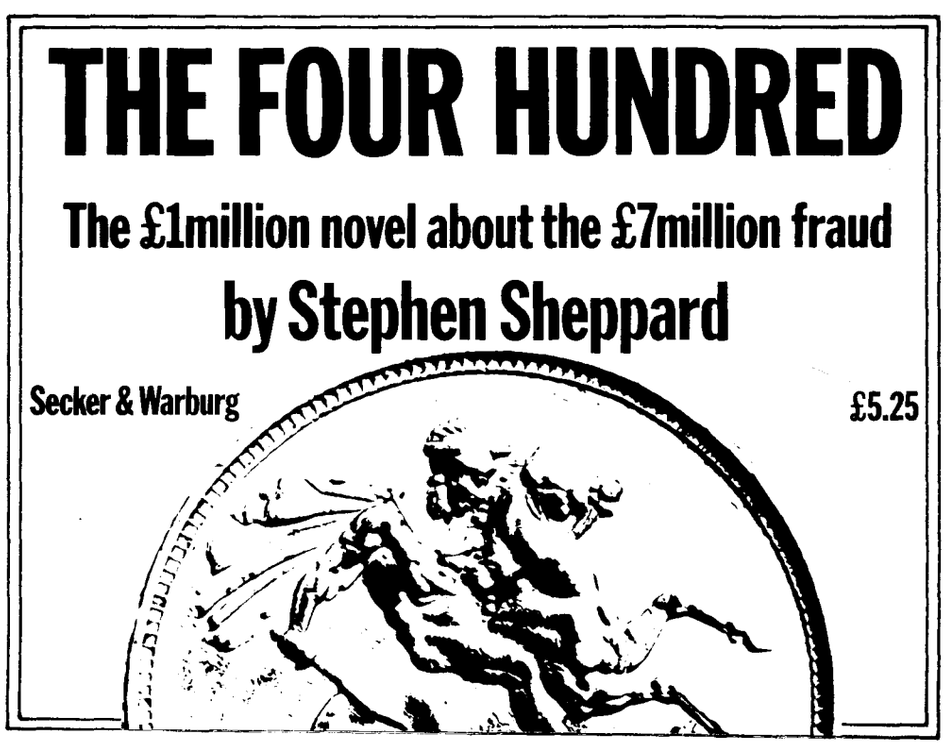
Julian Barnes

Don't Quote Me

The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations (New Edition) *Oxford* £12.50

The last book written by a committee to be reviewed in these pages was a biography of Leonid Brezhnev by the Institute of Marxism-Leninism, CPSU Central Committee. That work, our reviewer pointed out, contains no mention of Stalin, no mention of Khrushchev, and no mention of Brezhnev's role in the redeployment of the inhabitants of the Ukraine. The failings of the New (Third) Edition of the *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations* are slightly less spectacular than this; but they remind one that a committee is rather like a net. A net can be viewed in two ways: either as a contrivance for catching things, or as an object through which things slip. The present context brings to mind that famous cod definition of a net as 'a collection of holes tied together with string'.

The Third Edition represents the first substantial revision since 1941 (the Second Edition, of 1953, added mainly Churchilliana). It was produced by a team of some 20 scrutineers – including the likes of Tom Driberg, John Sparrow, Noel Annan and Richard Boston – who worked their way through copies of the Second Edition, suggesting cuts and additions. At the end, they all voted on each other's emendations (and also on the various suggestions sent in by the public over the years). It sounds a thorough and democratic process, and has indeed resulted in new material amounting to 40 per cent of the volume. But as well as a team of



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nobs, the proper revision of a dictionary requires three extra factors: a firm, even bullying editor; a team of down-trodden devils to slog through texts; and a wary, envious, stimulating scrutiny of rival lexicons.

The lack of these elements in the Third Edition can be shown by the entry for Aldous Huxley – probably the most ludicrous in the whole book. In the Second Edition it consisted of six quotes, *all verse*. A quarter of a century later it is time to put Huxley in his proper perspective: two quotes have therefore been dropped, and a new one added – also verse. This seems to argue not just idleness and ignorance, but also a haughty disregard for the useful evidence of rival gatherings: the *Penguin Dictionary of Modern Quotations*, for instance, offers a choice of 131 prose quotes (no verse).

It also leads on to a wider point – that there is no evidence of any overall reading programme. No one has been set to gut standard biographies and autobiographies, like Russell's or Isherwood's (hence no 'To Christopher, Berlin meant boys'); rich compendia like the Letters of Wilde, Housman, Lawrence and Thomas, the Journals of Bennett, Boswell and Maugham, the Diaries of Waugh and Nicolson, have all been ignored; not even the reviews of such works have been consulted (which would have saved time, money and face). Cartoon captions from *Punch* are quoted from 1845 to 1902, and then mysteriously stop (did the editor decide that *Punch* ceased to be funny in 1903?). The attempt is announced in the Preface to cover 'the political and social memorabilia of the last quarter-century' – which seems to mean a few Prime Ministerial quips plus a handful of letters to *The Times* from the Sixties (Nigel Birch thus achieves flat immortality). This drive has rightly located Mandy Rice-Davies's 'He would, wouldn't he?', but has inexplicably failed to pick up the more famous and more socially illuminating 'wives and servants' line of Mervyn Griffith-Jones in the *Chatterley* trial.

While we're on the subject, the editor prides himself on including 'passages earlier evidently considered indelicate', but fails to quote *Lady C*, or Larkin on parenthood, let alone Mae West's 'gun in your pocket', or W. C. Fields's strictures on the drinking of water; magniloquent pieties from Roosevelt and Kennedy get in, but not Nixon's instructive 'I don't give a shit about the lira'.

Just as there seems to have been no reading programme, there seems to have been no editorial awareness that certain writers might be worth investigating and representing, even if the committee's net had allowed them through. In a volume whose editor admits that 'it will inevitably be upon the quotations newly chosen for inclusion that attention will be principally focused', it is astonishing (and almost disarmingly incompetent) that not one of the following is included: Freud, Jung, Leavis, Koestler, Osborne, Edmund Wilson, Norman Douglas, Ford Madox Ford, the Goncourts, Pushkin, Jarry, Durrell, Jarrell, J. G. Frazer, Wyndham Lewis, Perelman, Muggeridge, Rosenberg, Bowra and Heller. On the other hand you get 11 quotes from *The Young Visiters*, 21 from Christopher Fry (admittedly an Oxford author), and a whole column of whimsy-wise Don Marquis. Why 38 quotes from Edward Fitzgerald and only three from Scott Fitzgerald? Why only one each from Strachey and Nabokov? Why grant admittance to Rimbaud and leave out 'Je est un autre'? Why, given that people are going to be looking up 'Grub first, then ethics', does the *Dictionary* only give them a choice between the original German and a new, lumpish translation: 'First comes fodder, then comes morality'?

The *ODQ* will, of course, sell extremely well. After all, it has *most* of what we might want to look up in it, plus a lot that we don't already know. And then there is the dictionary's natural assumption of authority, which cons us into believing that if a quote isn't in, then maybe it wasn't really as important as we'd imagined. Thus an inadequate lexicon unconsciously trades on its own omissions and failures. For instance, the Third Edition quotes the correct version of the Mae West's line in *She Done Him Wrong*, 'Why don't you come up sometime, see me?', and adds, in the customary Olympian tone of the Oxford reference book, 'Commonly misquoted as "Come up and see me sometime".' Perhaps one of the reasons why it is so commonly misquoted (a thesis the editor does not advance) is that for 26 years readers have been checking the crack against the Second Edition of the *ODQ* and finding it misquoted and misattributed.

Naturally, editors of dictionaries know how to defend themselves when reviewers complain. They simply turn to that most consoling of authors, Samuel Johnson, and whisper to themselves his famous *mot*: 'Dictionaries are like watches; the worst is better than none, and the best cannot be expected to go quite true.' Of course, if the editor of the *ODQ* or any of his committee want to check out this quote, they'd best start reaching for a rival lexicon.

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Nicholas Shrimpton

A Glimpse of Heaven

A Married Man by PIERS PAUL READ *Alison Press/Secker* £5.25
The Mangan Inheritance by BRIAN MOORE *Cape* £5.50

Piers Paul Read is a Yorkshire writer who worries his themes from book to book with the inflexible persistence of his native county's terriers. In formal terms his debut, *Game in Heaven with Tussy Marx*, was misleading, its Shandean experimentation of style being rapidly abandoned for a clear and classic narrative line. But the content of that novel – Catholicism, Communism and class – has remained his content ever since. Even the variety of his settings, that remarkable alternation between pre-war Poland and contemporary Britain, cannot disguise the homogeneity of his thought.

His new novel, *A Married Man*, is English rather than Polish, modern rather than historical. The hero, John Strickland, is a successful London barrister fretting about his marriage and his career. His mind is obsessed with questions of income and expenditure (described here with a Balzacean particularity), his life preoccupied with considerations

Gavin Ewart

A Song of Sophisticated Women

She'd suck your cock for you,
she'd lie on her back for you,
she'd pour out hock for you
or sherris sack for you–
a woman in the past was often parasitical
(and not only
if they called her 'loose')
but now the sauce for the gander
is getting to be sauce for the goose.

Women are rakes with men
and notably free with men
and make mistakes with men
and love to be with men –
their power is increased tenfold by
contraception,
their soft bodies
tempt the young and strong;
but do those middle-aged ladies
think they're doing anything wrong?

A bed's the same for them,
it's equally fun for them,
it's perfectly right for them –
to fire off a gun for them,
what once was called 'a chaste salute', is still
symbolical.
Our terms, changing,
tell of a turnabout –
and Love should be a Republic
with Hypocrisy left out!

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of comfort and success. It is hard at first to see this worldly figure as a direct descendant of such philosophical protagonists as Edward Dawson or Stefan Kornowski. That, however, is precisely what he is. *A Married Man* offers a fresh perspective on Read's established theme of faith.

Edward, in *Monk Dawson* (1969), was a priest who became disillusioned with the church and sought unsuccessfully for an alternative credo in the modern secular world. Kornowski, in *Polonaise* (1976), was a writer who rejected God and adopted a philosophy of deliberate ethical perversity. Both men returned eventually to the Catholic fold, finding themselves with moral instincts for which only a supernatural explanation would suffice. Unlike them, John Strickland does not begin his spiritual odyssey within the Roman church. Instead he is simply the *homme moyen sensuel*, proceeding by an undefined code of practical morality. He works hard, looks after his family, worries about the possibility of looking foolish. He seems a perfect illustration of what Kornowski had at one point diagnosed as a peculiarly Anglo-Saxon capacity for living without a philosophical system. But in Strickland's case the accidie of early middle-age takes an unusual turn. During an unsatisfactory family holiday he picks up a volume of Tolstoy's short stories and reads 'The Death of Ivan Ilych'.

At first the tale grips him simply because it is about a lawyer. Very soon, however, it strikes a deeper chord. Ilych leads a contented life in the same, very limited sense that Strickland does. 'The pleasures connected with his work', in Tolstoy's words, 'were the pleasures of ambition; his social pleasures were those of vanity'. When a domestic accident leaves him slowly dying at the age of 45, Ilych is possessed by a terrifying sense of the meaninglessness of his existence.

The same feeling seizes Strickland and his first response is to blame his marriage. In a mood which George Eliot would have recognised, this latter-day Lydgate concludes that it is his wife's social ambition which has sapped his idealism. His solution is a combination of extra-marital sex and parliamentary socialism. As spiritual anodynes, however, these consolations prove ineffectual. His mistress is brutally selfish. His political creed is insufficient, as Read's heroes from Tussy Marx onwards have always insisted it would be, unless it can be based upon a divinely sanctioned morality. Strickland does not win through to the Catholic Marxism to which his creator seems so often to be pointing. But he does take the first steps along the road. He does so, interestingly, by reversing the crucial judgement on his marriage. What he had seen as a spiritual stumbling-block proves instead to be the source of his first religious insight. At the end of the book he and his father-in-law gain their initial glimpse of Heaven by concluding that marriages are indeed made there.

A Married Man makes it very clear that what Piers Paul Read writes is less a fiction of ideas than the religious novel. Fortunately for the reader, these pious purposes do not require a dogmatic spareness of manner. On the contrary, this book has a wit and a sensuous fulness unprecedented in his work. There is a touch almost of Ian McEwan about the physical perception here, a prurient lingering over smells and secretions which combines with the cruel eye for moral failings to present a scabrous image of fashionable London society. If you do not hold Read's religious convictions you may feel that the dilemma of Ivan Ilych is settled with too much ease. But you do not have to share the author's views to be seduced by the irresistible drive of his narrative and startled by the wicked sharpness of his style.

Seen in this company Brian Moore's *The Mangan Inheritance* appears unexpectedly slight. Like Piers Paul Read, Moore enjoys a dual-nationality of the imagination, and both his territories, Canada and Ireland, are present in this book. Like Read again, he is concerned with the topic of marriage. His hero, James Mangan, is a failed Canadian poet and the undistinguished husband of a famous wife. When she leaves him he is faced with the problem of regaining his self-respect. Unfortunately *The Mangan Inheritance* does not share Read's capacity for intellectual concentration. When James goes off to Ireland, to research the life of his poetic ancestor James Clarence Mangan, the theme shifts to the very different question of the artistic personality. After some energetic sex with an obliging colleen, our hero visits the dark tower of a wicked uncle. There Mangan tells Mangan about Mangan, if you see what I mean, and the Canadian one goes home with his illusions shattered.

The implication appears to be that creativity is not necessarily incompatible with comfort and respectability. But it is hard to feel that this slender point can justify quite so much interminable Irishry.

Edmond Leo Wright

From 'The Wave Hennets'

You can see that a wave is doing its best,
all things considered, to become a circle.
It's becoming for circles, though they protest
waves never meet their insistence upon a
perfect closure. Circumference is single,
bounded and endless: it's circle's honour
to be One for eternity and nothing
else. It's a circle's duty to have no time
for a curve any different from its curving
into its curve forever. But a wave's mime
of a circle is really never-ending,
though the circles would say it's 'let's-pretending'.

As a child, did you flick a long rope to make
ripples go snaking right to the end of it?
Something sneaky about them, wobbling their fake
selves through a rope that wasn't them. Did you see,
as they dwindled away, the last bend of it
twitch as they slipped into nowhere? Could they be
going on like a Loch Ness monster somewhere
under the ground, just because I moved my hand
up and down not a minute ago? Unfair
one little movement of mine would go on and
on and not stop. Wherever were they fleeing?
It was me, though, that flicked them into being.

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Peter Conrad

Wagner I: Anxious Exorcisms

Richard Wagner: His Life, Art and Thought by RONALD TAYLOR *Elek* £7.95
Richard Wagner: A Biography by DEREK WATSON *Dent* £15
Wagner: A Biography by CURT VON WESTERNHAGEN 2 vols *Cambridge* £12.50 each

The surest testimony of Wagner's greatness is the abiding animosity he arouses. Calumniation is the means whereby his successors, weakened by his creative primacy, can claim some slight, self-congratulatory independence. Tolstoy discredits him as a counterfeiter; Debussy dismisses his innovations as useless; Stravinsky mocks him as a murkily inane clairvoyant. There is no such creature as the acquiescent acolyte Shaw called 'the perfect Wagnerite': the more usual Wagnerite is uneasy and imperfect, resisting the nervous intensity of the music or mocking the alliterative hubbub of the text, yet obliged all the same to submit. Nietzsche's is the parabolic case, as he progresses from discipleship to angry deconversion. A single work provoked opposite responses in him: he despised the obsequious piety of *Parsifal* but was elated and confounded by the music. We are all shamed by the sensual capitulation which the music demands, and revulsion is our flimsy self-defence. Like Baudelaire's collaborative reader, the Wagnerite is a hypocrite, sensing his excitement as a disease and blaming Wagner for having infected him with it.

Biographers are similarly compromised. The more they learn about Wagner, the more he appalls them. Yet their disgust is the mark of their enslavement, and writing about him becomes an anxious exorcism. Ronald Taylor's *Wagner* exhibits the customary clinical symptoms. The unwilling convert fidgets to free himself by traducing his subject. Auden condemned Wagner according to his own sedate bourgeois morality: financially a crook, socially a petulant brat, sartorially a drag queen, flouncing in silk undies and satin cloaks. Taylor judges him according to the different morality of the professoriate, calling him ill-educated and ungrateful to his mentors. But these quibbling irritations are submerged when Taylor attends to the music. Analysis expires in a perturbation of the nerves. Struggling to explain the content and purpose of the *Ring*, Taylor abandons intellectual effort and moral scruple together in declaring that 'only the music' can bring us 'to the living heart of the work', and adds, as if exhausted, 'there the matter can rest'.

Derek Watson has nothing new to say about Wagner, but, ensorcelled, like the Ancient Mariner, he feels the need to purge himself by telling the familiar story over again. Rhetoric enables him to fudge the critical issue which obtrudes in any biography of Wagner, the relation between the mean, offensive man and the stunning music: muddying our boots in the man's vileness, Watson promises, will educate us in the nature of the 'soil from which the riches sprang'. No such boggy revelation occurs here. But by so scrupulously avoiding a critical encounter with the music, Watson's narrative does succeed in emphasising the process of wilful self-promotion whereby Wagner transformed himself from disadvantaged mediocrity into dictatorial universal genius. As Watson says, he was 'no infant prodigy'. He made himself a great musician against all the odds, combating indigence, the world's disbelief and his own lack of native skill. As he admitted to Hugo Wolf, 'One cannot be original all at once. I myself was not'. By remorselessly exploiting other people, he managed not only to create his own exorbitant, exhausting works but to make the world create the conditions for their performance. He had to invent the theatres in which his operas could be played, and Watson stresses his career as an administrative reformer in Dresden, showing how he was goaded to revolution when authority resisted his demands. The apocalyptic unmaking of society became one of the preconditions for his own creative freedom: 'European society must be regenerated before true art can exist'. Liszt saw Wagner as a crazed architectural fantasist, whose work must be supported and subsidised precisely because it was so expensive and overweening: during the early work on the *Ring* he told Wagner, 'Your programme should be like the direction given by the Chapter of Seville to the architect of the new cathedral – "Build us such a temple that future generations will be obliged to say that the Chapter was mad to undertake anything so extraordinary" '.

An epigraph to one of Watson's chapters suggests his own private misgivings about Wagner. He quotes Bertrand Russell's characterisation of the megalomaniac as one who seeks to be powerful rather than (like the narcissist) merely charming, and who feels his existence to be validated by the hate of his fellows not by their love. 'To this type', Russell comments, 'belong many lunatics and most of the great men of history'. But if this is Watson's intuition about his subject, then it's timid and dishonest of him to end his book with a nervously embarrassed attempt to dissociate Wagner from the Third Reich. His pusillanimity does, however, reveal what a jolt Wagner administers to the conventional pieties of humanism.

As if to confide his own doubts, Ronald Taylor appends to his book a series of quotations from Wagner's intimidated heirs: Hanslick denouncing his polyp-like formlessness, Nietzsche accusing him of wrecking the health of his auditors; Mann watching him recoil into the pessimistic mysticism of the alienated bourgeois, Adorno hailing him as the prophet of a society's doom. No such reservations are permitted in Curt van Westernhagen's *Wagner: A Biography*. For Westernhagen, vindication of Wagner's moral character is a patriotic duty. Disapproval of Wagner's financial chicanery and adulterous greed is, he says, merely a stratagem of envious mediocrity, disparaging a great spirit's incomparable gift to the human race. Sanitising Wagner, Westernhagen dissociates from the bad company of Bakunin, and impugns Nietzsche by interpreting his criticism of Bayreuth as the revenge of self-loathing inferiority. He rebukes Kapp for fancying Wagner a priapic dallier with the ladies, and chastely defends his hero against the imputation of having 'enjoyed an unnatural relationship' with Ludwig II.

The squalor and casual cruelty of Wagner's life are redeemed, for Westernhagen, by his art. Westernhagen finds a psychotherapeutic cover for his process of redemption in the Freudian theory of sublimation. Life's calamities are etherealised and pardoned when transformed into what Westernhagen mistily calls 'the substance of pure art'. The *Ring* can't be a revolutionary tract, he contends, because art is sublimely 'timeless' not 'temporal'. *Tristan* can't be a justification of Wagner's intrigue with Mathilde Wesendonk because the artist is the guiltless deputy of 'a higher power'. Having ravished Cosima from Bülow, Wagner settled down to finish *Siegfried*: adultery, 'transmuted, sublimated, in renewed, heightened artistic creativity' is thus 'accorded a justification before which all moralising must fall silent'. In obedience to his theory, Westernhagen likes tracing life's accidental metamorphoses into art. The forest

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birds in the Sihtal chirp the tunes Siegfried hears. A gondolier supplies Tristan's 'alte Weise', an alphorn on the Rigi the contrasting 'lustige Weise'.

But Wagner's most sovereign, demonic power is a talent for the opposite transformation. He makes life serve the behests of art. When only a royal patron could save him, he invented Ludwig. Life annoyed Wagner when it failed to match his artistic conjurations (the Antwerp citadel, he found, was squat and unworthy of his imaginary version of it in *Lohengrin*) and gratified him when it did (Ravell auditioned as Klingsor's magic garden). He has the same control over those who listen to his music: he monopolises our time, assaults our nerves, abrades our reality. Ronald Taylor's tone of begrudgement at least pays him the tribute of admitting this, while Westernhagen's conciliatory pleading ends by diminishing him. A benign, *bien-pensant* Wagner is less interesting – as well as less plausible – than the gnostic sorcer we known him to be.

John Deathridge

Wagner II: Epic Errors

The Wagner Companion edited by Peter Burbidge & Richard Sutton *Faber* £12.50 & £6.95.

Did you know that in height Wagner was diminutive, a trifle over five feet? Or that he made a piano arrangement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony? And were you aware that Schopenhauer probably never knew that Wagner had tried to obtain a chair of philosophy for him at Zürich? You guessed of course that the last five minutes of *Meistersinger* 'clearly concern art and not politics', and that Wagner's treatise *State and Religion* is 'anything but a political essay' because – o miracle of truth! – it cites Goethe and Schopenhauer. But did you know that Wagner's essay on the Jews was merely 'one of his occasional pieces'? Or that Hitler forbad performances of *Parsifal* in Bayreuth after the outbreak of the second world war?

Well if you did, you must have been reading *The Wagner Companion*. All the old tricks are there: hide-and-seek logic, invented facts, tendentious quotation (of a composer who holds the record for self-contradiction) and a desperate attempt to depoliticise the one artist of the 19th century who surrounded his work with an aura of horrifying political import.

Wagner was five feet seven as we know from his Swiss passport; there is no evidence he arranged Beethoven's Fifth; Schopenhauer's letter of 28 March 1856 to Frauenstädt proves he knew about the Zürich chair and the efforts of the Wagner circle to establish it; and the ending of *Meistersinger* was not only deliberately *changed* to fit the anit-French prejudices of the Prussian politician Constantin Frantz, Wagner also made his intentions plain in an essay *German Art and German Politics* which cites Frantz in the first sentence. As for Hitler banning *Parsifal* – a pseudo-fact used to defend it against allegations of Nazism – Heinz Tietjen's letter of 5 November 1940 to Winifred Wagner proposes performances of the work in war-time Bayreuth (as it turned out impractically) and clearly records the Führer's reaction to the idea. Not surprisingly for the man who enthused about *Parsifal* as 'the glorification of pure noble blood', Hitler's words were: 'start arrangements immediately!'

You may want to believe the *Companion* on Wagner and the Jews. But no-one who has actually read the vituperous prose of *Judaism in Music*, let alone the even longer 'elucidation' appended to its republication in 1869, could possibly call it an 'occasional piece'. The writing is too heated for that. The *Companion* assures us that Wagner's attitude towards the Jews was 'at best ambivalent'. What it doesn't say is that for every conciliatory remark – usually about Jewish friends or expressing 'aloofness' from the contemporary anti-semitic movement – there are at least five more proving that the Jewish question was one of Wagner's most destructive obsessions. Read this one for example from Cosima Wagner's diaries on the suicide of his Jewish friend Karl Tausig: 'It was my essay on the Jews that killed him.' Or this on his much vaunted refusal to sign an anti-Jewish petition to Bismark: 'I've done my bit. I don't like appealing to Bismark; he's irresponsible and only follows his fancy.' Or this from the 'elucidation' of *Judaism in Music:* 'I cannot judge whether the decline of our culture can be stopped by a violent ejection of this poisonous element (the Jews) because this would require forces the existence of which is unknown to me.'

The *Companion* is hardly more reliable on Wagner's music. According to Peter Burbidge, Wagner showed 'little interest in contemporary composers . . . an attitude partly self-protective'. But what about Berlioz? Or Jewish composers like Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer? Wagner not only learned from them, he consistently repaid the debt with faint praise and insufferable condescension. The late Deryck Cooke is misleading too when he writes that Wagner 'deliberately modelled himself on Beethoven's developmental method'. Despite some technical resemblances, the sound and function of a Beethoven development section are very different from the kaleidoscopic textures and dramatic point of a Wagnerian climax. Cooke is a little naive in exonerating Wagner from applying labels to his musical ideas. Wagner often joked in private about the famous leitmotif guides; but there is no question he condoned them in public and even indulged in the practice himself as his sketches and correspondence prove.

The publisher's blurb describes the *Companion* as 'lively, authoritative and thoroughly modern'. Yet there is more than a whiff of that dog-eared Wagneriana our grandmothers used to read, including the devout prose and interminable length. Errors and distortions occur on a truly Wagnerian scale. New critical editions of Wagner's works and letters as well as recent documentary research on the fateful history of Bayreuth are tactfully omitted from an otherwise extensive (if highly inaccurate) bibliography.

The editing is shoddy and an essay on 'Wagner and his Critics' totally ignores T. W. Adorno – the one post-war critic to really confront the painful ambiguities in Wagner's work and influence. There is even one passage echoing Hitler and Rosenberg: 'But not all life matters . . . Some criterion has still to be found to distinguish valuable life from superflous or malignant life'.

Tolstoy in London

Victor Lucas

A fascinating and beautifully presented account of Tolstoy's visit to London in 1861 when, as part of his study of English education, he visited numerous schools and talked to the children about their lives at home and at school. Illustrated with many delightful contemporary photographs.

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October Books

The following is a selection of books published during October and received by the NEW STATESMAN. Inclusion in this list does not preclude the possibility of a future review.

Art, Architecture, Design

PIERRE DAIX & JOAN ROSSELET **Picasso: The Cubist Years 1907-1916** *Thames & Hudson* £60. 'A catalogue raisonné of the paintings and related works' with 1,059 illustrations, 52 of them in colour.

DAVID IRWIN **John Flaxman 1755-1826** *Studio Vista* £17.50 (from 31 December 1979 £22.50). A description of Flaxman's life and work as sculptor, illustrator and designer with black and white illustrations.

FREDERICK S. LEVINE **The Apocalyptic Vision** *Harper & Row* £9.95. 'The art of Franz Marc as German Expressionism' with black and white illustrations.

BRIAN PETRIE **Claude Monet: First of the Impressionists** *Phaidon* £5.95. A general introduction to Monet's work with 68 pictures.

CAROLINE TISDALL **Joseph Beuys** *Thames & Hudson* £15. Black and white reproductions of his sculptures are accompanied by commentary and writing by Beuys and others.

Biography, Autobiography, Letters

CECIL BEATON **Self Portrait with Friends** *Weidenfeld* £8.95. A selection from his diaries edited by Richard Buckle.

PIERS BRENDON **Eminent Edwardians** *Secker* £6.95. A study of four figures who exerted their greatest influence in the early years of this century: Lord Northcliffe, Balfour, Mrs Emmeline Pankhurst, Baden-Powell.

WILLIAM BYRON **Cervantes: A Biography** *Cassell* £9.95. The first full-scale biography of Cervantes to use modern scholarship, and to present him against the background of his times.

ALEX DE JONGE **Fire and Water** *Collins* £7.50. A life of Peter the Great.

IAN GREY **Stalin: Man of History** *Weidenfeld* £12.50. A substantial, annotated biography.

F. W. J. HEMMINGS **The King of Romance** *Hamish Hamilton* £8.95. The life story of Alexandre Dumas.

MARGARET MEAD **Some Personal Views** (Edited by Rhoda Metraux.) *Angus & Robertson* £5.95. Reflections on society and human behaviour.

SHIMON PERES **From These Men** *Weidenfeld* £8.50. Portraits of seven men of importance in Israel by the leader of the opposition Labour Party.

JOHN PRENDERGAST **Prender's Progress** *Cassell* £7.95. The memoir of 'a soldier in India 1931-1947'.

THOMAS TURNER **The Diary of a Georgian Shopkeeper** *Oxford* £4.50 and £1.50. Extracts from the diary (1754-65) of a shopkeeper in a small Sussex town.

Drama, Cinema, Dance, Music

ALEXANDER BLAND **Fonteyn and Nureyev** *Orbis* £10. A very fully illustrated account of their working partnership since 1962.

KEVIN BROWNLOW **Hollywood: The Pioneers** *Collins* £7.95. Also fully illustrated, this study of silent film is associated with the Thames TV series on the subject.

TOM DARDIS **Keaton: The Man Who Won't Lie Down** *Deutsch* £6.50. An illustrated biography which includes appraisal of Keaton's work and technique.

PETER J. PIRIE **The English Musical Renaissance** *Gollancz* £8.50. An examination of 20th-century British composers and their work.

HARVEY PITCHER **Chekhov's Leading Lady** *John Murray* £8.50. Making use of numerous previously untranslated letters, this study of Olga Knipper-Chekhova treats her as both pre-eminent actress and wife of Russia's greatest dramatist.

ANDRE PREVIN **Orchestra** *Macdonald and Jane's* £7.95. An anthology of the reminiscences and reflections of musicians from the great orchestras of America and Britain.

SERGEI PROKOFIEV **Prokofiev by Prokofiev: A Composer's Memoir** *Macdonald & Jane's* £9.50. Edited by Francis King, this autobiography covers Prokofiev's upbringing in the Ukraine and his musical education in St Petersburg.

ERIC SALMON **The Dark Journey: John Whiting as Dramatist** *Barrie & Jenkins* £12.50. Critical assessment of the work of the author of *Marching Song* and *The Devils*.

MONICA STIRLING **A Screen of Time** *Secker* £7.95. A history of American radio comedy with pictures and extracts from scripts.

Fiction

JENNIFER BECKETT **Bitterley Edge** *Heinemann* £5.50. A romance-cum-mystery, Bitterley being the valley in which one of the novel's characters is reconstructing an 18th-century ironworks.

ROSALIND BELSEN **Dreaming of Dead People** *Harvester* £5.50. The narrator is a single woman of 36 and the novel explores her solitary life.

L. P. JACKS **Mad Shepherds** *Oxford* £1.50. Stories of Cotswold life at the turn of the century.

RICHARD JEFFERIES **Hodge and his Masters** *Quartet* £2.50. A new edition of Jefferies's classic novel of 19th-century rural England.

BARBARA PYM **Jane and Prudence** and **No Fond Return of Love** *Cape* both £4.95. These titles complete the reissue of the wry and compassionate novels Barbara Pym wrote before the 'rediscovery' of her in 1977.

RUTH RENDELL **Means of Evil and other stories** *Hutchinson* £4.95. Five more cases solved by Det. Chief Superintendent Wexford.

History

MARY EDE **Arts and Society in England under William and Mary** *Stainer & Bell* £9.50. An examination of the European influence on the arts in England after 1688.

MARY LUTTYENS **The Lyttons in India** *John Murray* £9.75. The author is granddaughter of Robert Lytton, made Viceroy of India in 1895, and draws on family diaries and letters in this description of his Viceroyalty.

RICHARD OLLARD **The Image of the King: Charles I & Charles II** *Hodder* £7.95. A double biography which covers a transitional period of English history.

A. T. Q. STEWART **The Ulster Crisis** *Faber* £2.50. A reprint of Dr Stewart's study of the resistance to home rule in Ulster, 1912-1914.

Poetry and Literary Criticism

YEHUDA AMICHAI **Time** *Oxford* £3.50. The second book of the Israeli writer's poems to be published here; translated by the author with Ted Hughes.

R. P. BILAN **The Literary Criticism of F. R. Leavis** *Cambridge* £12.50. Professor Bilan's study of the criticism in the context of Leavis's views on society and culture detects an underlying religious (rather than moral) principle.

ROGER SALE **On Not Being Good Enough: Writings of a Working Critic** *Oxford* £8.25. Collected reviews by the Professor of English at the University of Washington.

ALAN SILLITOE **Snow on the North Side of Lucifer: Poems** *W. H. Allen* £4.95. Lucifer stands for the spirit of man as scientist and mechanic, responsible for both progress and self-destruction.

Politics and Current Affairs

TOM BOTTOMORE **Political Sociology** *Hutchinson* £6.95 and £2.95. An examination of the main preoccupations of political thinkers over the last two centuries from a Marxist point-of-view.

DAVID CHILDS **Britain Since 1945: A Political History** *Ernest Benn* £11.95. An analysis of Britain's decline as an international power in terms of her inner conflicts.

PHILIP CORRIGAN, HARVIE RAMSAY & DEREK SAYER **For Mao** *Macmillan* £12. A fully annotated account of Mao's contribution to Marxist theory.

HAROLD ENTWHISTLE **Antonio Gramsci: Conservative Schooling for Radical Politics** *Routledge* £7.95 and £3.95. An introduction to Gramsci's writings on education, pointing out that he favoured less radical education for children than has been thought.

PETER GOLDING & PHILIP ELLIOTT **Making the News** *Longman* £14.50. A study of television news-making in Sweden, Nigeria and Ireland with analysis of the implications of their findings.

ROY A. MEDVEDEV **On Stalin and Stalinism** *Oxford* £6.50. Translated by Ellen de Kadt, this new book on Stalin supplements his earlier *Let History Judge*.

TERENCE PRITTIE **The Velvet Chancellors** *Frederick Muller* £8.95. A history of post-war Germany.

PALMIRO TOGLIATTI **On Gramsci and Other Writings** *Lawrence & Wishart* £9.50. The writings of the man who led the Italian Communist Party for nearly 40 years are edited by Donald Sassoon.

HAROLD WILSON **Final Term** *Weidenfeld/Michael Joseph* £8.95. 'The Labour Government 1974-76.'

Social Questions and Philosophy

S. C. BROWN (Ed.) **Philosophical Disputes in the Social Sciences** *Harvester* £15.95. A collection of papers debating 'Critical Theory and its Critics' and 'Alternatives to Relativism'.

PETER CAWS **Sartre** *Routledge* £8.95. In 'The Arguments of Philosophers' series; examines all Sartre's philosophical writings.

FREDERICK COPLESTON **On the History of Philosophy and other essays** *Search Press* £7.95. This discussion of the subject-matter and methodology of the history of philosophy accompanies his nine-volume history of philosophy.

ERNEST GELLNER **Words and Things** *Routledge* £7.95. A revised edition of his 'examination of and attack on, linguistic philosophy'.

PAUL LEVY **Moore** *Weidenfeld* £12.50. 'G. E. Moore and the Cambridge Apostles', histories of the man and the group and the relationship between them.

ISTVAN MESZAROS **The Work of Sartre, Vol. 1: The Search for Freedom** *Harvester* £12.50 and £4.95. The first of two volumes discussing the themes of Sartre's writing.

ANTHONY STORR **The Art of Psychotherapy** *Secker/Heinemann* £3.95. An introduction to the practice of individual psychotherapy based on over thirty years experience as psychiatrist and lecturer.

Miscellaneous

LOREN C. EISELEY **Darwin and the Mysterious Mr X** *Dent* £6.95. A proposition that the tenets of the theory of natural selection were put forward by Edward Blyth, years before the publication of the *Origin of the Species*.

ELIE KEDOURIE (Ed.) **The Jewish World: Revelation, Prophecy and History** *Thames & Hudson* £15. Eighteen academic specialists look at Jewish history, religion and culture.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

John Bowen

Playwrights' Charter

Once upon a very recent time, a stage-play was regarded as risk-capital, roughly on a level with a Pools Entry, but longer. If all went well, it might make its writer rich enough to buy silk dressing-gowns, platinum watches and a thatched cottage in the better part of Sussex. Usually it did not go so well, but all the writer's money was calculated on the basis that it might. His/her status was as a partner of management, but with none of management's administrative powers or responsibilities. Speeches were made, usually by Sir Peter Hall at *Evening Standard* Award lunches, about the ultimate dependence of the theatre on the writer, but that was not expressed to most writers in terms of hard cash.

This situation was based on economic realities. Most theatres had to make a profit. An unprofitable play was worthless currency; why pay the writer? 'Theatre' was the West End, tours before and after a showing in the West End, and 'the reps', which mounted either classics or their own productions of plays which had already been successful in the West End. But the realities changed. Theatres ceased to be able to make a profit. Subsidy began. Even 'the West End' shared in subsidy, as unprofitable pre-London tours were abandoned, and the cheapest way for a commercial management to try out a new play was to help a subsidised theatre to present it first, in exchange for all further rights.

The Royal Court arrived as 'a playwrights' theatre'. The regional theatres built studios in which to present new experimental work with which they could not expect to fill their main houses. The RSC and the National began a policy of 'encouraging new writing' with limited runs in small auditoria. The actors (protected by Equity contracts), stage management (NATKE), directors and designers (usually on salary), all worked for a living wage. Only the playwrights continued to be paid in the old way. I have by me now a contract between myself and the National, made in February 1976, for a studio play, which took me four months to write. There is an advance of £150 against royalties of 5%. Provided the National gave 25 performances of the play, it would be entitled to a third of my royalties from any other performances in the UK and stock in the USA for the period of the licence, plus two years.

Well, 'we have changed all that', or at least we have begun to do so. After two years of negotiation by the Writers' Guild and the Theatre Writers' Union, working together as one team, a Minimum Terms Agreement has been concluded with the National, the RSC and the Royal Court.

Important principles have been established. The first – hard to think of it as revolutionary – is that a writer should be paid for writing; he/she should be able to subsist while writing the play. The three managements have accepted this from the beginning *as a principle:* our arguments in this area have only been about how much. Under the Agreement, a writer commissioned by these companies will get £1,000 as a commissioning fee, £750 on delivery, £250 on acceptance: an uncommissioned play gets £2,000. These sums are against royalties in the larger auditoria (so that they may be recovered by management); royalties in the 'studio' auditoria, such as The Warehouse and The Cottesloe, will be paid in addition to the 'up-front' money. There is a special arrangement for the Royal Court's Theatre Upstairs, which will pay £1,500 for a play, but only £600 'up-front'.

The second principle, to which also the managements willingly acceded, is that the writer should become a member of the company, has the right to attend rehearsals, and will be paid for attendance at the rate of £75 a week, which is Equity Minimum for an actor. What follows must go further than the theatre. The Writers' Guild has already induced the independent television companies to concede a payment for a playwright's attendance in the studio and at certain rehearsals. Clearly there is every reason why this should be extended, both by the independent companies and the BBC, to cover the whole rehearsal period.

Thirdly, what is called 'participation'. Hitherto, managements have taken by contract a share in the play *as property*. Provided they have given 21 performances, they have taken a third of the writer's royalties from regional productions and a fifth of his sale of radio, television and film rights. The justification has been a gambler's justification: 'We are risk-partners. You provided the play and we provided the money and skills to mount it. We share in its success.' The logic is dubious, since more money and other skills will be needed to re-present the play in other places and by other media, but if gamblers were logical, they would not be gamblers. In any case, the unions hold, the subsidised theatres are not putting up risk-money as the West End managers do; they have a guaranteed subsidy and a duty to present at least some new work. They do not claim a share in the future life of out-of-copyright plays, so why mulct living playwrights, who still have to provide, as Shakespeare and the glorious dead do not, food and warmth and a place to live for themselves and their dependants?

In return, the managers have argued that their incomes are by no means guaranteed; the subsidy being inadequate, they are already scratching around among sponsors for money, employing fewer actors, taking fewer risks on new work. We have agreed on a compromise, 'participation in success'. Participation will not be allowed in full until a play has run 75 performances in one of their houses; the first £4,000 a year made by a play from any subsidiary source during the five years of participation will be entirely free from the management's cut.

Lastly, royalties – no matter of principle, but a mere squabble about how to share a cake. Recently managements have tried to push down the royalty rate, and it is by no means unknown that, within the commercial theatre, a playwright will take no royalties at all for a while, in order to keep the play running. The unions asked for 10%, which is the norm in the EEC; the managers offered 7½%. We compromised on a complicated sliding scale, which cannot allow a royalty of *less* than 7½, would allow 10% only if the play were doing less than 25% business (in which case it would soon end its run), and will most usually work out at just above 8%.

Two years of (by the writers) unpaid negotiation to establish an Agreement which will affect three theatres and at most 25 plays a year. Was it worth it? Yes, because principles once established will take root unless left to wither. These will not be so left. The Theatre Writers' Union, with the Guild's backing, has made a similar Agreement with the fringe theatres. Now the two unions will work together to make one with the subsidised theatres of the regions. The results will not all be beneficial. When theatres have to pay writers the living wage that they must already pay to actors and programme sellers, they may be less ready to present new work; some still think of it as a service to the writer, just as in the early days of BBC radio the Contract Department held that writers and actors should feel grateful for appearing on the radio at all, and not expect money to be added to the privilege. Yet there must *be* new work, if the theatre itself is not to die, and if it should, then let's go down together. 'Ultimate dependence on the writer' ought not to mean that the writer has to be a subsidiary paymaster as well as providing the text.

Art

John Spurling

Minor Modes

John Flaxman, R A *Royal Academy*
John Flaxman by DAVID IRWIN *Studio Vista* £17.50

For most of the 19th century John Flaxman, the first Professor of Sculpture at the RA, remained in the pantheon of British artists. But as the star of his once unsuccessful friend William Blake has risen, so Flaxman's has waned, until interest in him has become almost entirely scholarly. Neither the exhibition at the RA, which was first mounted in Hamburg and is accompanied by a full-scale catalogue to which many Flaxman specialists have contributed, nor David Irwin's thorough and sympathetic new study of his life and work is likely to resuscitate him. He may have been one of the best two Neoclassical sculptors (Canova was the other), he may have influenced various European painters, including Goya, Ingres and Delacroix, but he now seems an irredeemably minor figure.

Nevertheless, having dismissed him to the academic shades, one feels a great desire to call him back again, partly because he was such a very nice and unassuming man, fond of his wife (he commissioned Blake's illus-

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trations to Gray's poems for her birthday), thoughtful for his friends (he put a patron and several commissions in Blake's way), conscientious and compassionate, beloved by tradesmen and clients alike (he paid the former and did not ask huge fees of the latter), but also because he was, after all, an original and gifted artist. The trouble was that he put his talent into minor modes and that, when he did attempt something grander, such as the Nelson monument in St. Paul's or the large sculpture of *St. Michael Overcoming Satan* at Petworth, the result was handsome but dull.

His *oeuvre* consists largely of private funeral monuments, Wedgwood pottery, medals, elaborate pieces of silverwork and illustrations to Homer, Hesiod, Aeschylus and Dante. That he was intrinsically more ambitious is clear from his seven-year stay in Italy, where he studied innumerable artists with formidable insight and diligence, and set high hopes on the outcome of his first large-scale Neoclassical sculpture, the *Fury of Athamas*, commissioned by Lord Bristol. Lord Bristol indeed was overjoyed with the finished piece, but more funeral monuments followed and, unlike that of his friend and rival Canova, Flaxman's career as a pure sculptor failed to develop.

His fame on the Continent came, to his own surprise, from the Homer illustrations. Based on Greek vase paintings, they made the greatest possible contrast to the Baroque clutter and emotionalism which had reigned over art for the past two centuries and which Flaxman personally detested. For our taste they go too far the other way – cool, schematic friezes from which everything inessential is eliminated, leaving strangely petrified figures posed in shallow tableaux. But to examine the drawings, with their softer, more varied outlines and less formal groupings, is to appreciate the man's inventiveness, his genius for composition and the extraordinary boldness of his simplicity.

Some of their *gravitas* is carried over into the funeral monuments (usually in the form of small bas-reliefs) but mixed with a Christian mildness and occasional touches of gentle humour which are characteristic of the mature Flaxman. Most of these monuments are, of course, still in the churches for which they were made and have to be judged in the exhibition only by their rather depressing little plaster models, but the circular marble relief to George Steevens, Hogarth connoisseur and Shakespearian scholar, is there in its final version. Steevens, wrapped in a delicately voluminous cape, sits relaxed in profile to the left, facing a bust of Shakespeare on the right. No matter that Steevens, one of Johnson's circle, was in life a terror to friends and enemies alike for his argumentativeness and caustic mockery, he is here immortalised as the very type of the civilised man, carved with a clarity and easy authority which suggest in themselves the balanced perfection of the classical ideal. Most of Flaxman's monuments were more religious in feeling (he was a keen Swedenborgian), more melancholy and more generalised, but they never lost that sense of balance, never declined into sentimentality. Flaxman in his small, sadly curtailed way, represents the short interval between the 18th century and the 19th when, led by Wilberforce, gentlemen who had once liked to appear more wicked than they really were began to turn into gentlemen who liked to appear better than they were.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

A Passion Unresolved

Touch and Go by D. H. LAWRENCE *Oxford Playhouse*
Captain Swing by PETER WHELAN *Warehouse*
The 88 by GLYN JONES *Old Vic*
Julius Caesar by SHAKESPEARE *Stratford*

Everywhere the theatre seems to be limbering up for a rough winter ahead: trouble in the pits and on the farms; anger and oppression in Ireland; and, who knows, our local Caesar laid low by one of her trustier lackeys – 'et tu, Heseltine?' Quite certainly, the following sentiments will be piously re-echoed by a million leader-writers:

> Can't you see it takes two to make a quarrel? And as long as each party hangs on to its own end of the stick, and struggles to get full hold of the stick, the quarrel will continue . . . Why can't we try to leave off struggling against each other, and set up a new state of things?

The speaker, plausibly disguised as the temperate friend of a ferocious colliery magnate, is actually D. H. Lawrence, responding as best he could to an invitation to concoct a play for an organisation with whose socialist and propagandist aims he was by no means in sympathy, the People's Theatre Society. The result, *Touch and Go*, was turned down as 'impossible of production', but published in 1920 with a preface that does as much as the political and technical limitations of the piece itself to justify the Society's suspicions. What's wanted, argues Lawrence, is a theatre in which the individual transcends large 'mechanical' forces, a style of tragedy in which issues of class and wealth, capital and labour are subordinated to the passionate struggle of man and man. Lawrence's mistrust of social categories, his distaste for people in the rump, is everywhere evident; and no wonder the putative impresarios boggled.

But that doesn't explain why it is that, apart from the lush and florid *David*, *Touch and Go* has been the only one of Lawrence's plays the professional theatre has ignored since its amazed discovery, 13 years ago, that he was a dramatist of originality and force. To be sure, there were reasons for doubt. Something more than documentary verve has been lost with the transfer of most of the action from miner's house to master's mansion. Instead of watching bluntly-spoken working people engage, suffer and endure, as in the earlier *Collier's Night Out*, *Daughter-in-Law* and *Widowing of Mrs Holroyd*, we now hear a sometimes verbose and precious élite analyse the business of engaging, suffering and enduring.

> You don't realise how awful passion can be when it never resolves, never becomes anything else . . . I *had* to be aware of you: I had to be conscious of you: in a way I had to love you . . . coldness wasn't negative with him: it was positive and awful beyond expression . . . he has a tendency, a secret hankering to make a gift of himself to somebody . . .

Such lines no doubt say much for Lawrence's emotional intelligence. Indeed, they cumulatively make every other playwright of his generation look woefully unsophisticated in matters of heart and gland. But their dramatic impact is often spongy; and, since they assume we've already a more intricate grasp of and lively interest in the characters than Lawrence has yet made possible, they tend to leave us feeling like conversational wall-flowers, puzzling over someone else's moral dissection of persons half-known.

Add Lawrence's political naivety, which postulates accelerating unrest in the mines outside, grapples amateurishly with the kind of industrial and economic intractables we've come to know only too well, and has nothing to suggest except that we stop 'bullying' each other, recognise that 'life' and 'living' are more important than money, and ensure that goods flow 'naturally to every man'. Add all this, and we've a play that would tax any cast, let alone the one Gordon McDougall has enterprisingly but somewhat arbitrarily tossed together for an economy-size run at Oxford. Bluntly, there were times when the audience was in unforeseen stitches at Lawrentian extravagances that more guileful acting might have tempered. One of Stanislavsky's dicta should have been relayed to the rapturous ingenue, a sort of one-woman firework party, and to the colliery boss's grim and vindictive mother, a soi-disant 'slovenly caricature' who spends her stint onstage browbeating and battering a surplus of macho into his virile-enough nature. An actor playing a miser, he said, should always try to unearth some vestige of generosity in the character. It is, admittedly, difficult to play against the grain of a part; and

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not all the laughter provoked at Oxford was embarrassed or hostile. But a subtler, cannier approach might have sent less people away feeling they'd seen a gauche and dated melodrama.

It isn't, as McDougall's production also helps to prove. There are several fine scenes, notably one in which the boss sits unresponsive and implacable on a park bench, silently intimidating the passing clerks whose request for higher wages is about to provoke a sympathy-strike among the colliers. The whey-faced scribes shuffle by and wobble off on their bikes, feebly protesting that their supporters are 'agitators' who ought to be 'hung'. And there's one riveting character, the master himself, who turns out to be the Gerald Crich of *Women in Love* tricked out with a new surname, Barlow. He's hated because he has mechanised the mines and treats those around him with a contempt that, so we're to understand, precariously coexists with a yearning for affectionate surrender. At one point he knocks over the strike organiser, a devious sort who chums up to the masters as he manipulates the men, and wildly boots him in the ribs; at another he himself is very nearly lynched for his baleful intransigence. Reconciliation, magnanimity, moderation may be the virtues Lawrence thought he was propagating: his instinctive sympathies are with this restless, frustrated figure, mistrusting his women, hating himself, enraged to violence by hypocrisy, stupidity and apathy, longing for change, some change, *any* change in a world he himself has helped to dehumanise. It's an ennui no less familiar today.

By comparison, the week's new plays seem almost painfully right-minded, down to the ritual denunciation of working-class sexism somewhat anachronistically introduced into *Captain Swing*. This is a tale, based on fact, of the abused and fractious peasantry of the 1830s, ending with the fall of the Bastille in the form of a Sussex workhouse and the transportation of the most humane and restrained of the rebels' leaders. Part of Peter Whelan's aim is to celebrate an uprising relegated out of sight, into the servants' quarters, by most historians, and to salute the respect for life, if not for property, displayed by its participants; part, if I hear him right, to wonder if they shouldn't have been harder, bloodier. Shouldn't all that energetic sprinting across fields – so much enjoyed by that keep-fit club that calls itself the RSC – have led to the event that still dogs the wistful daydreams of some radical playsmiths, the 'revolution'?

Mr Whelan's undoubted talent needs to slough off some of its verbosity and affectation if it's to grip and stir as it ought. The criticism courted by *The 88* is in some ways opposite, though its intentions are similar. This time, the evidence turfed out of England's less honourable archives involves Irish mutineers in the 20th-century Raj, maltreated, imprisoned and in one case shot dead for what seems to have been a remarkably pacific protest against the Black and Tans, then rampaging back home. This was news to me and worth hearing, though the Waterloo Road seems a curious forum for what's actually a sustained cry of Celtic defiance. But theatrically it is overdependent on reportage, and drabber and duller than its subject would seem to promise; and it lacks intellectual excitement, too. Also, did the convicted patriots actually serve their life sentences after the liberation of Ireland and the disbanding of their regiment? Glyn Jones should tell us.

Barry Kyle's *Caesar* shows more respect for the bard than is usual at the RSC's Stratford address. Apart from transforming John Woodvine's blunt Julius into a great stricken vulture at crises – orange feathers flapping as he falls dead, a hoarse squawk of triumph from somewhere above Philippi – his production seems almost wilfully uncontentious. It is fluid, lucid, but (alas) unevenly acted. Only a very odd Rome would dub Ben Kingsley's distractedly smirking idealist the 'noblest of its number, and an odder one still actually burn itself down at the behest of David Threlfall's spindly Antony, whose real quarrel is always with Shakespeare's verse. James Lawrenson's Cassius and Nigel Terry's Casca add pep to the proceedings; but that's about it.

THIRTIES

BRITISH ART AND DESIGN BEFORE THE WAR

A series of talks accompanying the Arts Council/V & A Exhibition
20 Nov 7.30 Stephen Bayley on
Garage or Temple: Industrial Design in the 30s
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What Was the Ideal Home and Who was it for?
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Films

John Coleman

Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Those Wonderful Movie Cranks (A) *Paris Pullman* and *Phoenix*
23rd London Film Festival *NFT till 2 December*
Slow Dancing in the Big City (AA) *Classic, Haymarket; Filmcenta; Odeon, Westbourne Grove*
Moment by Moment (AA) *Plaza 4*

Jiri Menzel it was who made that Czech masterpiece, *Closely Observed Trains* (1966), closely observed comedy played out in the wings, as it were, of World War II. With his *Capricious Summer* of two years later, he went back in time to recreate small upheavals in the lives of three middle-aged provincials, dozing and chatting away around the turn of the century. Its beguiling riverside images, its detached yet affectionate way with its people inevitably – and rightly – invoked comparisons with the work of Jean Renoir. Since than, the skies have sadly darkened over Czechoslovakia, both Milos Forman and Ivan Passer, white hopes of a burgeoning native cinema, work abroad; and it is hardly surprising if Menzel has once more, and 10 years on, elected to return to the relative safety of the past.

Those Wonderful Movie Cranks, set in 1907, may be minor Menzel but it is unmistakably his and we should be grateful for that, given the prevailing weather. As the English title punningly indicates, we are transported to the pioneering days when cameras and projectors were worked by hand and showmen travelled the country, showing such long-lost marvels as *The Boar's Hunt* and *American Lady Wrestlers* to rapt audiences. Following the fortunes of one Vilem Pasparte (Rudolf Hrusinsky, the amorous bathing-house proprietor in *Capricious Summer*), his daughter Josephine and beautiful Aloisia, a girl entrusted to him by a dying colleague, Menzel at once shows how crude it was – through sepia-tinted spectacles – while having fun with the new medium's misguided aspirations towards artistic status.

Arrived in Prague, Vilem of the roving eye is trapped into marriage by his buxom widowed landlady, the price he must pay for a hall adjoining her house and the licence to convert it into the city's first permanent cinema. Troublesomely pretty Aloisia is farmed out as housekeeper to a fanatical young photographer. Kolenaty (Jiri Menzel himself), who is documentary-bent and – adducing Sarah Bernhardt as example – proposes Vilem should make his own filmed record of a famous Czech actress. After deceptions and misunderstandings, the great Kolarova-Mlada – as past her prime as Bernhardt – graciously comes across and is last seen, posturing Grecianly on a hill, in a story from a professor's *Ancient Legends of Bohemia*. Menzel's eye for the absurd in human behaviour has never been more in evidence and a not inappropriate streak of whimsy leads him to extend his reconstructions of period one-reelers (the originals mostly too damaged to be usable) into fantasy projections, in similar style, of Vilem's own daydreams. Historians of film might care to note that the principal characters, or ingredients, in this cinematic soufflé, are based on real people of the time. It was Menzel's idea to have them come together.

Such an undemanding and sprightly homage was a good choice to open the London Film Festival this Thursday. Press previews have been going on for the past two weeks and there is clearly sterner stuff in the offing. From the dozen or so films so far sampled, out of an overall total of some 90 at last count, a few recommendations may be in order. Andrzej Wajda's *Rough Treatment* (Odeon, Leicester Square; 10.30 a.m., 25 November) is actually entitled 'Without Anaesthesia' in Polish and proves, in effect, to be an affair that almost clinically exposes pain. One says 'exposes' rather than 'provokes' because the chill deliberation of its procedures serves to shield the watcher from emotional involvement.

It charts – or, better, dissects – the fall from grace, both domestic and professional, of a middle-aged worldly-wise TV journalist and pundit, first seen being mildly grilled on the small screen. Played with a fine, weary know-

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ingness – soon to be punctured – by Zbigniew Zapasiewicz, this Michalowski returns from foreign parts to find his wife going home to mother with their little daughter. There is a harsh young lover as catalyst, and the conflict between this 'new' waver and Michalowski over the awarding of a literary prize is one of the high points. Another is the appalling scene in the divorce court, with the wife's witnesses lying their heads off in her favour. There are strange pressures, felt as somehow personal and not fully communicated, everywhere beneath the surface. Wajda has admitted, 'I worked on this film in a blind rage, paying no mind either to my appearance or to my gestures'.

One hopes some enterprising distributor will take a chance on it. Incidentally, perhaps a third of the festival's offerings have already been bought. John Huston's head-on rendering of a Flannery O'Connor short novel, *Wise Blood*, populated by Southern evangelical eccentrics, will be coming into the Camden Plaza in due course and, as such, must wait for review. George A. Romero's hectic *Zombies*, predictably packed out at the press show, has also been taken and must similarly wait, thank heavens. Sufficient unto the day ...

Another film by a Polish director of repute, Krzysztof Zamussi, was made for West German TV. *Night Paths* essentially traces an intricate relationship between Mathieu Carrière as a young Nazi officer with a conscience of sorts ('it's a matter of asethetics – killing should be done from a distance') and Maja Komorowska as an older, fiercely patriotic countess in occupied Poland during the last war. On the face of it, the piece can scarcely be faulted: impeccable acting, photography, psychology, Yet it left me cold, and not merely as a result of its one potential flaw, an overdose of high and speculative dialogues. Maybe it is all too perfectly planned.

André Delvaux's *Woman in a Twilight Garden*, another story of that war and its aftermath, here set in Antwerp during the Forties and Fifties, has some pleasant surprises in store from a director hitherto happier in limbo-lands: notably, the historical predicament of a young Flemish idealist who fights for Germany on the Russian front while his torn wife (splendid Marie-Christine Barrault) shelters a French-speaking Resistance fighter back home; and a great, earthy episode built upon peasant greed and food-hoarding. One had the sense of picking up genuinely fresh information, for a change.

Unexpectedly, since my feelings were worse than mixed on leaving the cinema, I find myself most firmly and fondly remembering Mazimilian Schell's *Tales from the Vienna Woods*, adapted by the director and Christopher Hampton from a play by Odön von Horvath ('who, on 1 June 1938, on the Champs Elysées, took the unwise step of sheltering under a tree which was about to be struck by lightning' – Hampton). Schell planned his film before turning a subsequent theatre production to use in gauging the movie's rhythms. The outcome is a bizarre and enticing combination of highly theatrical settings, authentic locations, grotesque cabaret material and – of course – lots of Strauss into a moral tale about the perils of Marianne. Try to catch this true oddity (25 November).

The two silliest commercial undertakings of the year are to be found in John G. Avildsen's *Slow Dancing in the Big City*, the grand finale of which has Paul Sorvino as a famous, illiterate, rain-coated newspaper columnist carrying stricken dancer Anne Ditchburn (who can't act) on stage for her ovation, and *Moment by Moment*, which is the one where Travolta has a beach affair with older woman Lily Tomlin – after he has skipped and returned, 'I was so worried,' she says, fingers busy unbuckling his belt.

Note: Gremlins played merry hell with last week's piece. In fact, the noses belonged to otters; Pilate said 'cwucifixion'; a toe curled, not *ice* (?); and Gillian, Petris, Wajda, and Frederick Wiseman are the gentlemen's correct names. The week before that, the fault was mine alone. Excellent Tony Melody played Lisa Eichhorn's dad in *Yanks*. My apologies.

Architecture

Andrew Saint

Foreign Whimsy

Thirties *Hayward*

Genially but ambiguously, the spirit of Lutyens presides over architecture at the Thirties show. Smack bang in the foyer stands the model of his gargantuan cathedral for Liverpool of which, perhaps mercifully for his reputation, only the crypt was ever built. Next to it, the features of the birdlike old architect peer quizzically, even mockingly, down from a portrait by Meredith Frampton, a cute sketch by William Nicholson and a jokey moneybox from the RIBA. So from the start we know where we are. The intuitive approach to architecture which Lutyens represents, meaning in effect eclecticism and classicism rather than ideology or consistency of style, is about to be celebrated.

At first sight the Thirties was the time when the smartest British architects at last woke up, stopped tinkering with late Victorian details and materials, and got down, as other European nations had done 10 years before, to putting together a unified modern style based on reason and theory. Chauvinism evaporated, Le Corbusier was proclaimed, and the refugees from totalitarianism – Lubetkin, Mendelsohn, Gropius, Breuer, Pevsner and the rest – were welcomed with open arms.

To show how wrong all this is one has hardly to glance at the works of the many able, refined, and once-more-fashionable 1930s traditionalists whose architecture the exhibition doggedly and convincingly upholds: buildings like Goodhart Rendel's Hays Wharf, Maufe's Guildford Cathedral or Herbert Baker's India House. It becomes obvious from looking at many of the British modernists themselves. Frederick Etchells, translator of Le Corbusier and architect of Crawfords in High Holborn (just about London's first genuinely 'modern' building in the German sense of that word), loved nothing better on the side than to build sweet neo-Georgian and even neo-Tudor houses in fashionable Mayfair mewses, or to fiddle with chancel fittings in some nice country church. Joseph Emberton, of the Empire Hall at Olympia and Simpson's svelte building in Piccadilly, could get up to most of the classical tricks when asked to. Even the young Denys Lasdun's ultra-modern elevation for a town house of 1938 nervously sports Georgian curlicues round his client's initials. Most remarkable of all perhaps was Oliver Hill, by training an Arts and Crafts architect through and through. Once in a while Hill loved to shock with an 'uncompromisingly' modern house or even a whole estate, like the abortive one here on display for unsuspecting Frinton-on-Sea. Then he would revert to type and bring out the half-timbering again for the next client.

'Being adopted as a cause,' said Summerson in 1939 of modernism, 'it was constantly in danger of being encouraged as a style.' By then indeed it was too late. For architects like Hill, modernism was neither so much movement or style as a handy piece of 'foreign' architectural whimsy. This idea finds its echoes in literature – witness the glee with which Evelyn Waugh, no modernist, relishes the steel-and-glass monster house erected by the Viennese 'Professor Silenus' for Lord Pastmaster in *Decline and Fall*. Consider the 1930s as the era *par excellence* of the architectural joke, and much of the *chic* architecture in the exhibition comes into focus. All this frivolous vitality is fun, but at times it makes the more successful Thirties architects look like Victorian schoolboys out for a treat with their rich parents just before term breaks up.

For of course there was another side to the 1930s. So far as architecture is concerned, this side is slighted in the show not perhaps so much by the choice but by the arrangement of exhibits. In deference to its intellectual respectability, a whole room has indeed been devoted to the Modern Movement. But the photographs and drawings here are frankly not so enticing as elsewhere. Some obligatory stuff about the Mars Group, supposedly the core of Modern Movement ideologists, is small consolation, for in brutal truth they were

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not so much more thoughtful than the eclectics. Instructively Robert Byron, the NEW STATESMAN architectural critic of the day, was alarmed by their 'regrettable "Left" tendency,' but in fact beyond a superficial commitment to style they were not so radical at all. Some of the houses built by Mars Group members, notably those by Connell Ward and Lucas, show charm and skill enough, but many might have been works of Oliver Hill and so might just as well have been lumped in with the traditionalists.

On the other hand, scattered about the galleries are intimations of truly new things in architecture, particularly new building types. There are the cinemas, notably the Odeon sequence designed by Harry Weedon and his untiring team of collaborators; the pithead baths, after the manner of the great Dutch master Dudok; the village colleges, the health centres, and the 'roadhouses' like the famous Ace of Spades where Douglas Bader wooed his Thelma; and the first municipal flats built with adequate servicing, like Kensal House in London or Quarry Hill in Leeds. To these might have been added fuller coverage of speculative housing which, with the advent of recession, provided most of Britain's housing during a decade of depression and is still much sniggered at. Count up all these and other new demands on the architect, add the effect of war, and one soon sees why the debate about styles petered out into irrelevance in the 1940s.

The furnishings and decorations at the show merit more than a postscript. As a whole they are quite wonderful, proving that the 1930s was a golden age for British interior decoration. Part of the secret perhaps was the ease with which talented individuals like Marion Dorn and McKnight Kauffer consented to collaboration, a legacy maybe from Morris and the late Victorians. One small point the show does not bring out. The 1930s was *the* great age for 'lady decorators'. Syrie Maugham and Sibyl Colefax transformed the drawing rooms of the élite, and so successful were such great dames that the amiable Commodore Joel gave his wife Betty's name to the firm that turned out some of the handsomest furniture of the era. *Où sont les décoratrices d'antan*?

Television

Julian Barnes

History Man

Norman Mailer gives a great interview. Charming, quick-witted, playful, provocative, tendentious, deluded and egomaniacal, he hot-foots it through this personality spectrum before the first question has dried on his interviewer's lips. The notional subject under discussion doesn't exactly get lost; rather, it gets subsumed into the larger, deeper, fuller question of what, and where, Norman Mailer is. The central problem with Mailer is that he's all throttle and no rudder; all accelerating ideas and no judgment. The speed and manner with which he leaves behind the normal, healthy friction with reality is enough to give intellectuals a bad name.

'He wasn't a great man,' announced Mailer of two-time killer Gary Gilmore on *The South Bank Show* (LWT), 'but one of the things he taught me is that ordinary men can be as complicated as great men.' Leaving aside Gilmore's supposed 'complication' (which seemed to consist in being a not totally detestable murderer given to changes of mood) and also the question of whether Mailer ever actually met him (Melvyn Bragg didn't ask this), it became rapidly clear that the writer's disclaimer wasn't going to prevent him caressing his subject as if he were great. Gilmore was 'the first *martyr* of reincarnation' (weren't all religious martyrs that?); his stage managing of his own execution was a 'moment of *genius*'; announcing his decision to die, 'He's become a *movie star* . . . he begins to assume some part of the role that history has assigned him.' By this point there was more than a gnawing suspicion that 'history' and 'the works of Norman Mailer' were more or less interchangeable terms.

Anyone looking to believe that the documentary novel can be a lazy and egotistical literary form – on the one hand, you don't have the bother of inventing; on the other, if you don't like the facts you can lie about them – would have found abundant supporting evidence here. Mailer permits himself to fiddle a scene on the grounds that 'you're dying to do that anyway'; he defends making up cute dialogue because it's just throwing the reader 'that little piece of pie he's entitled to'. The point at which such aesthetic trimming tipped over into something else came when Mailer considered the murder victims: both were young, good, abstemious, hard-working husbands and fathers. This stuck in Mailer's gullet: 'Novelistically, it offended me that they were *that* perfect.' You could call this the artist's haughty detachment; though Mailer as Brooklyn's Henry James didn't exactly convince. But apart from sounding callous and patronising (what a comfort it must be to the victims' families to learn that their lost ones weren't quite up to Mailer's aesthetic requirements), it also begged a larger, simpler question. In the novel – and *a fortiori* the documentary novel – isn't life, not art, meant to call the shots? What sort of a deluded novelist do you have to be to rebuke life for disappointing art?

From this point on, Mailer's cloying infatuation with Gilmore became harder and harder to stomach. Gilmore's chosen 'martyrdom' enraged liberals and thus made him 'one of the *great conservatives* of the 20th century'. A moment later, he was not quite 'a religious leader', but certainly 'a stalking-horse' for the new Eastern-style, reincarnation-based religion which Mailer believes is soon to sweep the West. Martyr, genius, movie star, great conservative, John the Baptist – and that's not all: he has helped Mailer cure a writing block. Since *The Naked and the Dead* the novelist has been searching for 'a way to write a great social novel'. Gilmore at last provided it: 'this book has been a great help to me.' Mailer finished by predicting that other writers would follow in his footsteps, using documentary novels to cure their blocks about writing panoramic social novels. If that happens, Gary Gilmore will not have died in vain.

Jeremy Kemp (who, like Brian Blessed, may be finally judged to have kicked his *Z Cars* tag) turned up in two contrasting places this week: as a vile, roaring simulacrum of Randolph Churchill in James Cameron's *The Sound of the Guns* (Granada), and as a solid, decent, schoolboy head of house in Frederic Raphael's *School Play* (BBC-2). Cameron's first outing as a TV dramatist was a fairly stagnant evocation of a pack of barfly journalists marooned in a Cyprus hotel waiting for Suez to happen; it began with a paragraph of Cameron's wise old voice filling in the background, and for all the spirited acting you couldn't help feeling that it might have been better off staying as a documentary. Raphael's play, also set in the Fifties had adults playing adolescents – though probably less for Potterish reasons than simply because, when you look at old group photos of public schoolboys, they all seem in their mid-thirties anyway. It turned on rituals of authority and group beastliness, on the reflex persecution of the clever, on sexual ferretting and the die-stamping of personality. Apart from some tedious OTC sessions (and why, incidentally, did the platoon marker storm off in the final scene?) it was a crisp and touching play, with much lush and humorous revelling in school slang. Some of this had more than a touch of *Private Eye's* 'St Cake's' column about it; but that, I suppose, is dauntingly close to the real thing too.

Weekend Competition

No 2592 **Set by Fatboy**

A book called *Jane Austen and the French Revolution* comes out later this month. The blurb begins like this:

> It has often been said that living in the rural backwaters of a country village Jane Austen was unaware of the French Revolution and the long and burdensome wars that followed in its wake. Living through and writing virtually all of her fiction during this period, she never referred directly to the Revolution in either her novels or correspondence . . .

You wouldn't think they'd bother to go on after that, would you? But they do; oh boy, how they do. So can we have extracts, please, from dust-wrappers where the blurb-writer has really earned his dough, like, say, *Norman Mailer and the Quilt-Making Tradition, Virginia Woolf and Rugby League Football, Dick Francis and the Suez Crisis.* Twentieth-Century writers only; 150 words; by 30 November.

Result of No 2589 **Set by Fatboy**

We asked for self-exculpating accounts of famous failures.

Report **by Fatboy**

Fatboy's final Report. Alas poor Fatboy, you knew him well; a fellow of infinite jest . . . But now, what will he be good for? Loitering palely among the autumn leaves and dead dogs outside Great Turnstile, gazing up wistfully at the scenic elevator, reflecting ruefully on his past years of power and glory. When you give up being a Reporter, there's no way to go but down. So, a last mournful fling, and thank you for a hearteningly high-class entry. Eight pounds each – so that you will think well of poor Fatboy in future years – and copies of Stephen Pile's *Book of Heroic Failures* (thank you, Routledge & Kegan Paul) all round. Byeeeee . . .

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I don't see how I could have been expected to turn her down, actually. It's not every day a man gets a chance to be King of Thebes. Besides, I'd no reason to suspect anything. She looked half her age. Might have been my sister. Not that that would have made it any better, come to think of it. It did strike me that she was a bit maternal at times: babying me and all that. But babying was what I needed after that deprived childhood of mine. It's no fun lying out on the bare mountain in a nappy. Where I slipped up, I suppose, was in not paying more attention to that old pouf, Tiresias. If I had, I might have realized earlier that there were complex problems ahead. But I daresay I'd have turned a blind eye to them anyway.

PETER PETERSON

One had this awful sense of being let down. One had, after all, done one's bit – gone through the mill at Dartmouth – then those *endless* Empire tours – you don't imagine one really *enjoyed* meeting all those funny little liquorice-allsorts fellows! Then after twenty years of – though I say it myself – *selfless* service to the Flag – directly I start trying to give things a shake-up – getting justice for the miners – that sort of thing – well, you *know* what happened. Of course, it was a plot – I see that now – Baldwin, Hardinge, Lang – they were all in it. The fuss about Wallis was just a smokescreen – it was *me* they were gunning for – couldn't bear the thought of a really strong man on the Throne – knew they could push poor stuttering old Bertie around. The best way I could express my solidarity with the Unemployed was by becoming *one* of them . . .

MARTIN FAGG

Hungary 7 England 3

They came from Europe so we knew we were the better team, didn't we? Oh yes, we done our homework all right; it'd be a walkover. Tactics? Well, who invented the game? We used the tried and tested 2-3-5 formation: Two full-backs to slide-tackle their wingers, a centre-half to stop their centre-forward, two wing-halves to beat their inside forwards (and take throw-ins, of course), two wingers to dribble and cross the ball, a centre-forward to head or shoot at goal – and two inside men to get the rebounds. Marvellous system; we'd got it down to a fine art. On the day? Well, their centre-forward had a few lucky shots; and they had this tricky little bastard who wouldn't let us have the ball. Call that sportsmanship? I don't. He wasn't fit to dubbin our lads' boots, and if our right-half had clogged him in the first five minutes we'd have walked it. Honest.

TIM HOPKINS

None of this would ever have happened, you know, if I hadn't met Arabella at a really crucial stage of my intellectual development. I mean, how many people do *you* know whose whole life has been utterly ruined by a slap in the neck with a pair of pig's balls? And if that wasn't enough, I had to go and get mixed up with Sue. Then Arabella comes back, just as I'm struggling to support two kids, and dumps another one on me who makes this crazy suicide pact . . . Anyway, I still think that if I'd ever got to Christminster I would've got at the very least a two-one . . .

PETER NORMAN

Tony Miles

Chess

No 155

Two games from the Rio Interzonal, the first a beautiful display by Portisch, ruthlessly punishing an early mistake.

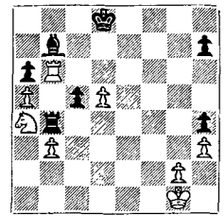
White: L. Portisch **Black: Y. Balashov**
1.P-Q4, N-KB3; 2.P-QB4, P-K3; 3.N-QB3, B-N5; 4.P-K3, O-O; 5.B-Q3, P-B4; 6.N-B3, P-Q4; 7.O-O, QPxP; 8.BxP, QN-Q2; 9.Q-K2, P-QR3; 10.P-QR4, Q-B2? Inaccurate, 10 . . .PxP was better. **11.N-R2!** Severely embarassing the B. If now . . .B-R4 12.PxP, QxP; 13.P-QN4! BxP; 14.NxB, QxN; 15.B-R3 wins. **11 . . .P-QN4; 12.B-Q3, B-R4; 13.PxP, PxP; 14.BxP, B-N2; 15.R-Q1, QR-N1.** Possibly KR-N1 offered better counterplay. **16.PxP, BxN; 17.PxB, NxP; 18.P-N4! N-N6; 19.R-N1, Q-K4.** 19 . . .NxB? 20.KRxN loses a piece. **20.PxB, RxB; 21.K-R1, Q-N1; 22.B-R3, KR-B1; 23.B-Q6! Q-N2; 24.P-R6! Q-N3.** If . . .Q-P 25.RxN. **25.B-B7!!** A lovely touch. **25 . . .Q-B3; 26.P-R7! P-R3.** Black is completely helpless. **27.B-N8! N-Q2.** Black cannot even bail out for an exchange . . .R(1)xB; 28.PxR=Q, RxQ; 29.N-B1 wins. **28.R-Q6, Q-N2; 29.RxN, QxR; 30.P-R8=Q, R(4)-N1; 31.Q-K4 resigns.** The pawn has queened safely in broad daylight!

The second game is the crucial last round encounter which decided the third qualifying place. Incidentally, had Ivkov won this game, and Timman lost to Garcia which at one point seemed quite plausible, then all three would have tied for third place!

White: B. Ivkov **Black: T. Petrosian**
1.P-Q4, N-KB3; 2.P-QB4, P-KN3; 3.N-QB3, B-N2; 4.P-K4, P-Q3; 5.P-B3, O-O; 6.B-K3, P-B3; 7.Q-Q2, P-QR3. Needing to win at all costs, Petrosian chooses a tense hedgehog set-up rather than an immediate central confrontation. **8.P-QR4.** Preventing . . .P-QN4, but leaving a hole on QN4 **8 . . .P-K4!?** More normal is . . .P-QR4 with N-R3 to follow. **9.PxP.** If 9.P-Q5, P-QR4. **9 . . .PxP; 10.QxQ, RxQ; 11.P-R5.** Else . . .P-QR4. The struggle now revolves around whether Black can make anything of his development advantage before White's extra Q side space begins to tell. **11 . . .B-K3; 12.N-R4, QN-Q2; 13.P-QN4, B-B1; 14.P-B5, N-K1; 15.N-N6, NxN.** Also worth considering was . . .QR-N1 retaining the possibility of N-B2, N4-Q5. **16.RPxN, N-B3; 17.N-R3, P-QR4!?** Smashing the position open before White can consolidate. On quieter moves White would stand better. **18.RxP, RxR; 19.PxR, N-Q2; 20.N-N5, B-N6; 21.K-Q2!** A fine move, bringing the king to the important sector. **21 . . .P-R3; 22.K-B3, B-R7; 23.K-N2, R-R1.** If 23 . . .BxP; 24.BxB, NxB; 25.KxB, PxN; 26.B-B4! and on . . .R-R1 White has 27.K-R3! and if RxPch 28.K-N4 wins. **24.P-R6?!** 24.B-Q2 seems better. **24 . . .PxN; 25.PxP!? R-N1.** If . . .R-R5; 26.B-N5! followed by undermining the N(Q2) by R-Q1 or P-B6 wins, and . . .R-R4 is met by B-K2 or B-B4 with the same idea. **26.KxB, BxP; 27.BxB, NxB; 28.B-K2! RxP; 29.R-B1, N-Q2; 30.RxP, NxP.** The position is of course drawn, but White's king is far from home and by now he was in serious time trouble. The next few moves were played very quickly. **31.B-R6, R-N1; 32.K-N1! N-Q4ch; 33.K-B1, N-B5; 34.P-N3, N-K3; 35.B-B4, N-Q5; 36.R-B7??** And White cracks. Instead 36.RxPch, K-B1; 37.BxP! KxB; 38.RxP followed by P-B4 is a trivial draw. **36 . . .R-KB1; 37.P-B4, NPxP; 38.PxP, PxP; 39.K-Q1, N-B6; 40.K-K2, N-K4; 41.R-B5, R-K1; 42.B-N5** and now Black sealed . . .R-K2 but White resigned without resuming. His position is completely hopeless.

Problem 155

Black to play. Does he have any drawing chances? How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 28 November.

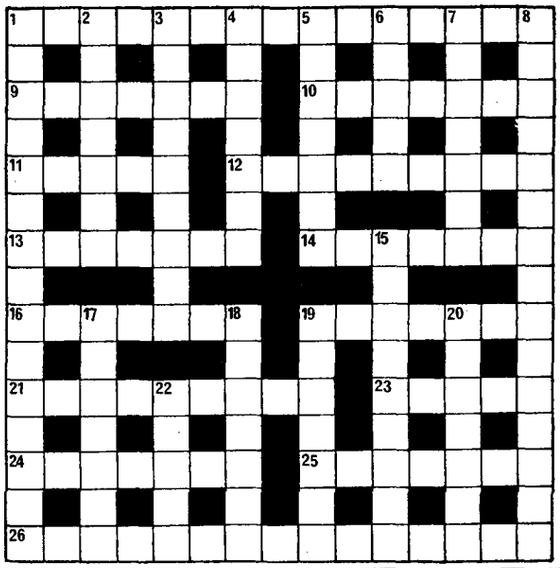


Solution to problem 153

White could see no defence to . . .R(1)-N6 and R-R6mate. However 1.P-R3!! saves the day. 1 . . .R(1)-N6; 2.R-R8ch, K-N2; 3.R-N8ch! KxR; 4.R-B8ch, K-N2; 5.R-N8ch, KxR stalemate. Other tries also fail to win.

Weekend Crossword 1323

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1323, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 27 November.



ACROSS

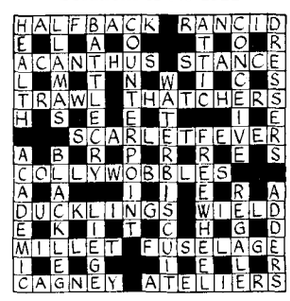
1 Gear for duke and servant (10, 5).
9 Drink keeps a learner calm if less hot (7).
10 Test by putting a disgraced leader in the river (7).
11 One who does not love in that erotic way (5).
12 The loved one enters into a game with gratitude (9).
13 The star has a brightly coloured car (7).
14 Prophet who meets his end in a German city (7).
16 Races do get mixed, even in islands (7).
19 Food which gives one success in competition when losing the match (7).
21 Trumpeters announce that the international is back with the county (9).
23 'The dark unfathom'd caves of — bear' (Gray) (5).
24 Slowly as a northern poet (7).
25 Urged on but potentially caught and tied in (7).
26 Man's contest? (11, 4).

DOWN

1 A strange case of rather wet prediction (7, 8).
2 Found consuming cold tea (7).
3 Is the crowd about to pay court to an author? (9).
4 I am among those deceived and ditched (7).
5 With an appeal to a girl we command respect (7).
6 There's a party, so give the old chap a ring (5).
7 Paperwork addressed to European city on English road (7).
8 Have a happy ending in Italy? (3, 6, 3, 3).
15 The tail holds the head firmly fixed (9).
17 Place which puts a woman in credit (7).
18 The pure incorporated in the dry (7).
19 Thrashing gives old man an unpleasant sensation (7).
20 Train that is possibly not moving (7).
22 Joint used in teaching elementary joinery (5).

SETSQUARE

Solutions to No 1321



Prizewinners to No 1321

Miss E. Oppenheim (Salford)
J. R. Rose (Brunei)
I. F. Crookes (London E6)

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APPOINTMENTS

COMMITTED TO COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT? INTERNATIONAL PERSPECTIVE?

We have the following vacancies overseas:

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1. COURSE DEVELOPER

for a polytechnic to develop an educational programme relevant to the needs of the Palestinian community. Industrial sociologist with economics and education background would be ideal.

2. LAWYER/LEGAL WORKER

to work with a Palestinian law centre to carry out legal research, law reporting etc. Experience of community law centres desirable. LLB or sociology degree with postgraduate diploma in Comparative Law.

WEST AFRICA

Upper Volta

1. NURSES/MIDWIVES

to help villages in the north to set up an appropriate health service in conjunction with traditional midwives and health promoters. Experience of community health work and health education an advantage.

2. RURAL ENGINEER

to work with villagers on small-scale projects to develop water resources and irrigate land in the south-east.

Mali

1. TWO ECONOMISTS

to work on research programme on traditional livestock systems with rural communities in the inland Niger Delta. Experience in agricultural economics or economic anthropology an advantage.

2. MECHANIC

to give 'on the job' training in diesel lorry and Land-Rover maintenance to apprentice mechanics and drivers at a garage run by a cooperatives movement.

LATIN AMERICA

Bolivia

1. RADIO ENGINEER

to help maintain studio and transmitting equipment in a miners' community radio station in the Altiplano region.

We expect to have further vacancies in Latin America later this year especially for agriculturalists, economists, health workers and engineers. Enquiries welcome.

Volunteer Terms of Service: Living allowance (inc. Accommodation); return air fare; outfit, mid-term, and resettlement grants. Orientation and language courses are provided.

Further information and application forms from: **United Nations Association International Service, 3 Whitehall Court, London SW1A 2EL. Tel: 01-930 0679/0.**

Royal National Institute for the Blind

MATHEMATICS READERS

To work with blind proof readers in our Students Library at Braille House, 338/346 Goswell Road, London EC1. At least 'A' level in mathematics required and applicants, who should be aged under 55, must be willing to learn braille. An interest in computing or related subjects an advantage. £3,138 p.a. with promotion prospects for those who show aptitude in braille. Free lunch in staff restaurant.

Written applications please to: Personnel Officer, RNIB, 224 Great Portland Street, London W1N 6AA, from whom further details can be obtained.

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needs the following:

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with audio or shorthand, for official concerned with broadcasting matters, commencing £74 per week;

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one for membership records and one for general duties including Ink duplicating and post, commencing £60;

Clerk

for Fleet Street office for recording of members subscriptions and with typing ability, commencing £68.

All rates due for revision in January and with automatic annual increases; 32½ hour working week; 5 weeks holiday after one year's service; interest-free season ticket loans.

Apply to: **David Reece, Administrative Officer, National Union of Journalists, 314 Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8DP. Tel: 01-278 7916.**

THE LABOUR PARTY

require

RESEARCH ASSISTANT

(based in Glasgow)

Applicants should have a wide interest in and knowledge of industrial, social and political affairs in Scotland. The work involves the preparation of research, policy and other papers for the Scottish Council of the Party. An Honours Degree and some research experience, though not essential, would be an advantage.

Successful applicants must be members of the Labour Party. A background of activity in the Party or in the wider Labour Movement would be of considerable advantage.

The salary scale is £4,620 - £5,805 p.a., depending on appropriate experience in a similar capacity.

Application forms can be obtained from: **The Administrative and Personnel Officer, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London SW1P 3JA. Tel: 01-834 9434.**

Applications should be returned by **no later than Monday, 3 December 1979.**

RICHMOND FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL

SENIOR STAFF POSTS

ST CHARLES HOUSE, NORTH KENSINGTON

Two senior staff training positions are immediately available at this mixed diagnosis therapeutic community for adults, where senior staff are trained for the UK branch of this international organisation.

Salary negotiable to £5,000 p.a. according to appointment and previous relevant training experience.

'HIGHLANDS', ROMFORD

This residential unit for multi-problem families requires a **WARDEN,** ideally with relevant experience.

Salary up to £4,500 depending on qualifications and experience.

'LANCASTER HOUSE', RICHMOND

DEPUTY WARDEN required for this new residential unit for disturbed children (4-14).

HUNTLY LODGE, GLASGOW

DEPUTY WARDEN required for this new therapeutic community for emotionally disturbed adults.

Salaries negotiable up to £3,200 p.a. depending on qualifications and experience.

Substantial in-service and specialised training is provided where appropriate.

The Fellowship also needs a non-residential **SUPERVISOR** to oversee our adolescent units in the South West and provide staff support and some instruction. The Supervisor will fulfil a middle management function. Must be able to drive.

Salary negotiable to £5,500.

All salaries subject to cost of living increases January 1980.

Details and application forms from: **Personnel Assistant, The Richmond Fellowship, 8 Addison Road, London W14 8DL. Tel: 01-603 6373.**

NACRO

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

A part-time **EDUCATION OFFICER** is needed to assist a team of two involved in the development of educational opportunities for offenders. Hours will be by arrangement and can be organised with some flexibility, up to a possible maximum of 20 hours per week.

Salary pro rata on a scale starting at £4,599 + London Weighting of £780.

Further details and application form may be obtained from: **Robert Beech, Secretary, NACRO, 169 Clapham Road, London SW9 0PU. Tel: 01-582 6500.**

Closing date: **30 November 1979** Interviews: **18 December 1979**

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE CARE AND RESETTLEMENT OF OFFENDERS

ASTMS

DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION

seeks experienced Secretarial Assistant with good secretarial skills (including audio-typing), and administrative ability. Pleasant working environment and excellent conditions, including 5 weeks holiday p.a. plus extra statutory days, 34-hour week. Salary commences £4,670 p.a.

Apply in writing, giving details of experience, to **Director of Education, ASTMS, Whitehall College, Dane O'Coys Road, Bishop's Stortford.**

Closing date: 30 November.

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NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME
— LONDON & NORTHERN
HOME COUNTIES REGION

NCH

C.S.S. STUDY SUPERVISOR (PART-TIME 20 HOURS)

Pro-rata £4,664 - £5,547 p.a.

We are now in our third year of C.S.S. in partnership with Cassio College, Watford. We wish to appoint a Study Supervisor for students currently based in Harpenden — two who began the course in September 1979 and two who commenced the Standard Unit in September 1979.

We are looking for a person with the relevant skills, experience and social work qualification to enable staff to derive the greatest benefit from this form of training. We can offer appointee excellent conditions of service, the right support for the task and flexible working hours.

NCH looks for members of staff who are seeking to express in their job a commitment to Christ's way of life and who are ready to learn with others what it means to be a Christian in Social Work.

Application form from: **Michael Booth, Regional Director of Social Work, Regional Office, National Children's Home (Dept. NST), Highfield, Ambrose Lane, Harpenden AL5 4BX.**

Enquiries to: **Ray Hoadley, Regional Training Officer, Harpenden 4688.**

GRANADA TELEVISION LIMITED

PROMOTION SCRIPTWRITER

We are looking for a Scriptwriter to join our Promotions Department at the Manchester TV Centre. It's a great opportunity for a talented young person to start a career in television.

As a member of the promotion team, you'll write daily continuity scripts for our announcers, make trailers for forthcoming programmes and work in Studio. You'll meet technicians, directors and producers. You'll learn how a television station works from top to bottom.

Boundless energy, enthusiasm and an interest in all aspects of television will count for more than experience in the media.

Salary (NUJ scales) negotiable from £3,770 per annum (increase from 1 July pending) pro rata for an initial 6 months' contract.

Written applications with curriculum vitae, no later than 23 November 1979 to:

Robert Connell,
Granada Television Limited,
Quay Street,
Manchester M60 9EA

CHRISTIAN AID

seeks London-based

Project Officer

for West and French-speaking Africa to work in the Aid Department. Proven administrative ability in fluent French essential. Knowledge of the area through living or working in West Africa an advantage.

Please apply to: **The Administrative Officer, Christian Aid, P.O. Box No. 1, London SW9 8BH** with CV naming 2 referees and a phone number by 30 November.

JOINT WORKING GROUP for Refugees from Latin America needs Spanish/English speaking psychologist or psychiatrist to *work part- or full-time.* Willingness to travel within the UK essential. Salary £4,470. Send CV and two referees to Joint Working Group, 21 Star St, London W2.

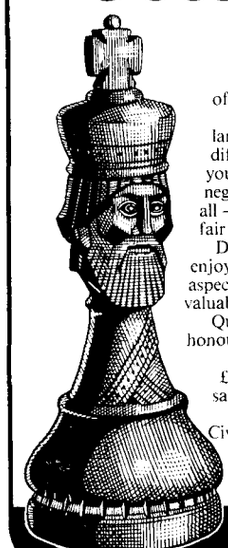
WE ALWAYS HAVE interesting vacancies for graduates and 'A' level students, with accurate typing and office skills to work in non-commercial and educational organisations. Phone Mrs Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy.), 92 Brompton Rd (opp. Harrods) SW3 1EH. 01-589 0590.

COLLEGE LEAVER SECRETARIES will find a superb choice of excellent career openings through Covent Garden Staff Bureau. 01-353 7696.

UNIVERSITY OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA
(PORT MORESBY)

Applications are invited for the post of SENIOR LECTURER/LECTURER in the DEPARTMENT OF POLITICAL and ADMINISTRATIVE STUDIES. The appointee should have an interest in the theories of underdevelopment and dependency and in the Political Economy/Political Sociology of the Third World. Experience in a Third World Country would be an advantage. Persons with interest in related fields of political science should also apply. Salary scales: Senior Lecturer K15,575 p.a. Lecturer K11,875-13,725 p.a. (£1 sterling = K1.52). Family passages; baggage allowance; initial 2 year contract; 24% gratuity of which 5% is taxable; research support; rent free accommodation; overseas leave; medical aid scheme; secondment welcomed. Detailed applications (2 copies) with curriculum vitae and naming 3 referees to be sent direct to the Assistant Secretary, Box 4820, University PO, Papua New Guinea by 31 December 1979. Applicants resident in the UK should also send one copy to Inter University Council, 90/91 Tottenham Court Road, London, W1P 0DT. Further details may be obtained from either address.

Does a problem challenge you to solve it?



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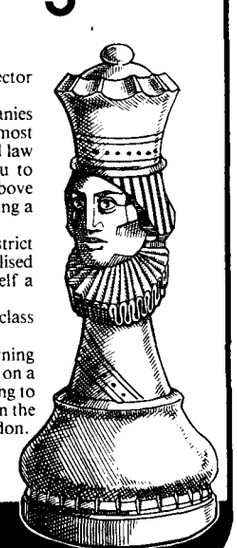
Your job? To determine the tax liability of individuals and of companies large and small. Your staff (up to 50 strong) handle all cases except the most difficult ones. These fall to you because of the training in accountancy and law you will receive with us; because of your personality which enables you to negotiate with a taxpayer's professional advisers on equal terms; and — above all — because you have the flair for analysing a complex situation and making a fair and reasonable judgement.

During your career you could take charge of the tax affairs of an entire district enjoying wide powers of discretion. You may also spend periods on more specialised aspects of taxation and acquire an enviable professional expertise — in itself a valuable career asset.

Qualifications: Under 32. A Degree with honours — at least second class honours ability is looked for. Final Year Students may apply.

Starting salary £4200-£5700 according to experience. You should be earning £6350 after 2 years and £8850 3 years later. Within 10 years you should be on a salary scale rising to £15000. In another 5 years you could be on a scale rising to £17000 either in a Tax Inspectorate post or in general management in the Civil Service. There are vacancies all over the country. Salaries higher in London.

To find out more, and for an invitation to visit a Tax Inspector, write to: Civil Service Commission, Alencon Link, Basingstoke, Hants, RG21 1JB. Please quote A/320/G/10



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Entertainment

Next Friday, Nov. 23
8 p.m. - midnight
JAZZ BAND BALL
with
MIDNITE FOLLIES ORCHESTRA
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CROUCH END ALL STARS
Camden Centre,
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A Camden Winter Season Event

Theatres

ALDWYCH (Royal Shakespeare Company) 836 6404. Recorded bkg info 836 5332. 'Measure for Measure', Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman's 'Once In A Lifetime'. See daily press for dates and times. RSC also at The Warehouse in Peter Whelan's 'Captain Swing', Howard Brenton's 'Sore Throats'.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. Special Benefit perf. of 'Undiscovered Country' Sun. 18 Nov. 7.30. 'Amadeus', 'Richard III', 'Death of a Salesman', prevs 'When We Are Married', 'Candleford' and 'Lark Rise' — all tickets standing. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

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Hilarious See it! (S.Times)
ARTS THEATRE
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HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 'Uncle Vanya' by Anton Chekhov. A New Version by Pam Gems. Previews from 22 November at 8 p.m. Box Office: 722 9301.

NEW END. 794 0238. 'Ionescopade' — A Musical Show .Tues.-Suns 8 p.m.

Meetings

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON (Gower St, WC1E 6BT). The Smith, Kline & French Lecture in Allied Health Sciences by Dr J. W. Black, 'An Elementary Theorem in Pharmacology', Tuesday 20 November at 5.30 in the Botany Theatre. Admission Free Without Ticket.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower Street, WC1E 6BT. Lunch-Hour Lectures, 1.20 to 2. 20 Nov. 'Alcohol, other Drugs and Man' by Professor Hannah Steinberg; 22 Nov. 'Edward Carpenter: Sexual Prophet?' by Mr M. Neve.

A RADICAL AGENDA FOR LONDON Fabian Day Conference on Policies for London. 10.30-4.30, Saturday 17 November, Caxton Hall, Westminster. All welcome. Tickets 50p from Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St, SW1. 01-222 8877, or at door.

CITY UNIVERSITY, Centre for Arts and Related Studies, 227 St. John Street, EC1. Friday 23 Nov. 1.15-2.15 Lunchtime Discussion 'What Needs Reviewing', Prof. Karl Miller, Editor 'London Review of Books' and W. L. Webb Literary Editor of 'The Guardian'.

ICA EVENTS, The Mall, SW1. 20 Nov. 7.30 'Garage or Temple: Industrial Design in the 30s' Stephen Bayley in a talk accompanying the Arts Council/V & A exhibition at the Hayward. 22 Nov. 7.30 Peter de Francia and Alexander Moffat discuss the 'Narrative Paintings' exhibition. 80p. 930 3647.

CHRIS HITCHENS 'Labour's Foreign Policy in the 1970s'. LSE, Houghton St, WC2, Tues. 20 Nov. 7.30 p.m. Organised by the Young Fabians.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. Meeting 21 Nov. postponed. Watch this column for further details or ring Simon Lesson 568 2207.

BARONESS SEEAR on 'Equal Opportunities —the Way Ahead: A review of the impact of the legislation for equal opportunities for women and ethnic minorities', Tues. 27 Nov. at 5.30 p.m. Admission free. LSE, Houghton St, WC2.

WHAT'S LEFT OF THE LABOUR PARTY? Public Meeting, Acklam Hall, Acklam Road, W10 (near Ladbroke Grove). Wednesday 21 Nov. at 8.45 p.m.

BRITAIN'S FUTURE solely in the working class. Communist Party of Britain (Marxist-Leninist). Fri. 23 Nov. 7.30 Bellman Bookshop, 155 Fortess Road, Tufnell Park, NW5.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk. Sun. 18 Nov. 'Theosophical Adepts'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens. London W2 3AL.

TOWARDS SELF-REALISATION
Free Public Lectures on Theosophy
Sunday 18 Nov. 1979 at 7 p.m.
FELLOWSHIP OF FAITHS
Rev. Marcus Braybrooke
The Theosophical Society in England
50 Gloucester Place, London
W1H 3HJ
Tel: 01-935 9261
All welcome. Refreshments before and after lectures.

TOO MUCH PRISON
24 November 1979
Day Conference at
University College, London
Speakers include Hans Tulkens, head of the Dutch prison administration, Professor Laurie Taylor and John McVicar. Special discussion groups on what happened at Wormwood Scrubs with Prison Visitors taking part.
Price £3, to include background papers. Apply NCCL, 186 Kings Cross Road, London WC1 (278 4575).

DIETARY PREVENTION OF CORONARY HEART DISEASE
A Conference organised by the Coronary Prevention Group is to be held at the Zoological Society, London, on November 29-30, 1979.
DAY 1: The Role of Fats
DAY 2: Implications for Agriculture and the Food Industry.
Further information from Mrs B. Frost, Department of Community Medicine, Horace Joules Hall, Central Middlesex Hospital, London NW10 7NS. 01-965 6393.

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Further information may be obtained from: **The Secretary, Judith E. Wilson Fund, Faculty Board of English, University of Cambridge, 9 West Road, Cambridge CB3 9DP,** *to whom* applications containing a curriculum vitae, should be sent so as to reach him not later than **21 December 1979.**

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edited by P. Stringer and D. Bannister

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This is the first book in its field to examine systematically the implications of Kelly's personal construct theory for social psychology. The origins of the work can be found in the papers presented at the 2nd International Congress on Personal Construct Theory (1977). Five of these papers — rewritten and expanded — have been included in this volume. The remainder were written especially for this volume with the exception of Kelly's "Social Inheritance" (1930). Due to the diverse nature of the book, all types of psychologists, sociologists and educationalists, should find much to interest them.

ASA Monogram No. 19

Social Anthropology of Work

edited by Sandra Wallman

December, 1979, cxiv + 390 pp.
Hardback: £17.50 (approx.) 0.12.733250.2; Paperback: £6.00 (approx.) 0.12.733252.9

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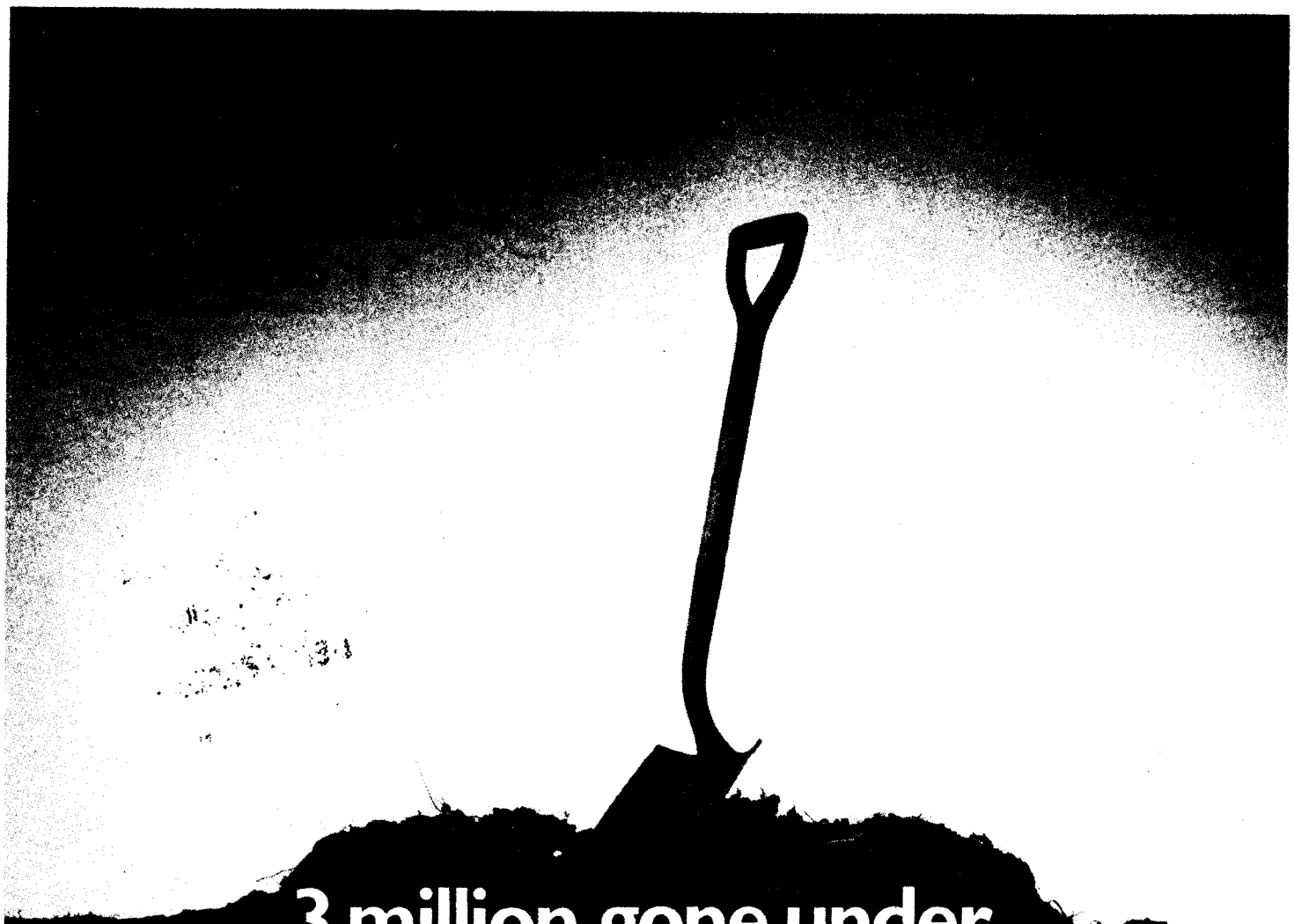

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